

HIKE TO BATTLE TO THE TUNE OF DOUGHBOY'S HYMN

In Sleet, Along Icy Roads,
Amex Regiment Goes
"Up There"

COVERS 16 MILES IN A DAY

Unit Long Trained in France Shows
Itself Eager and Fit for
First Lines

FRENCH FOLK BID GODSPEED

Single Sombre Happening of the
Day the Sudden Suicide of
a Private

By LINCOLN EYRE
Correspondent of the New York World With
the American Army in France

In Paris not long ago I saw a film depicting a regiment of infantry marching down Fifth Avenue on its way to a training camp. Flags were flying, bands were playing, crowds were cheering, and the sun was shining.

A few days later I saw a regiment of infantry marching down a country road in France on its way to the front. No film was made of this march, nor were flags flying, bands playing, crowds cheering or the sun shining.

Yet the spectacle shown on the screen, with all its colorful drama and pathos, was simply New York's farewell to a few of the tens of thousands of soldiers she has given her country, while the event I witnessed out here is a momentous chapter in American history. For the regiment wending its way thus drably toward the battlefield was the advance guard of great armies to come. It will be known for all time as the first United States infantry to share with the soldiers of France and Britain the mighty task of safeguarding civilization. Today it is in the trenches, still making history in the grimy prosaic fashion in which modern history is made.

This regiment, one of the first to arrive in France, had been billeted in a village which to give it a name of honor would be reported to me by the brigade commander by whom they were overheard, "We're about ready to leave our teaching officers and begin fighting them blanket blank bushes." The business of packing up followed. Bayonets were sharpened with gleeful zeal, fond farewells exchanged with the "petites amies" of Mudville, and local shops and candy stores were emptied of all the candy and other luxuries they contained.

Not until the night before did orders from the brigade commander stating the day and hour of departure and the route to be taken reach the colonel. The battalion and company commanders had put everything in readiness for the like, however, and there was no delay in carrying out instructions. Promptly at 7:30 a. m. the regiment was drawn up in company formation in the company streets, and just half an hour later, following a brief final inspection by the C.O., it got under way. Then there began the march.

"Local Pride" in the Boys

I stood where the main highway debouched northward from the village square and watched them go by. The temperature was four degrees below freezing, a piercing wind was blowing, a chill rain was falling, and every inch of the road was coated with ice, hard to stand upright on and harder still when you fell on it. A Mudville patriotic song nearby. I asked him what he thought of "les Américains."

"They have become real soldiers, these big boys," he observed. "One couldn't have found a worse day for this business in the last twenty-five years, yet they make nothing of it." The old Frenchman's pride in the regiment he had come to know so well led him to exaggerate a bit. The doughboys did not "make nothing" of the weather; in fact, they made considerable of it in the cussing line. The bearded mariner, the passenger in the snowbound train, the man caught in the rain with a new silk hat on could all take lessons from the doughboys.

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It was a wonderful hike. Have you ever marched ten or fifteen miles with a sixty-pound pack on your back and a rifle over your shoulder even under the best of weather conditions? If so, maybe

JUST THINKING

By HUDSON HAWLEY
Standin' up here on the first step,
Lookin' ahead in the mist,
With a tin hat over your ivory
And a rifle clutched in your fist;
Waitin' and watchin', and wonderin'
If the Hun's comin' over tonight—
Say, aren't the things you think of
Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of
For a couple of months or more;
Things that 'ull set you laughin',
Things that 'ull make you sore;
Things that you saw in the movies,
Things that you saw on the street,
Things that you're really proud of,
Things that are—not so sweet.

Debts that are past collectin',
Stories you hear and forget,
Ball games and birthday parties,
Hours of drill in the wet;
Headlines, recruitin' posters,
Sunsets 'way out at sea,
Evenings of pay days—golly—
It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homeburg,
Voices of women folk,
Verses you learnt in school days
Pop up in the mist and smoke.
As you stand there, grappin' that rifle,
Astarin', and chilled to the bone,
Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin'
Just thinkin' there—all alone!

When will the war be over?
When will the gang break through?
What will the U. S. look like?
What will there be to do?
Where will the Boches be then?
Who will have married Nell?
When's that relief comin' up?
Gosh! But this thinkin' hell!

THE TUSCANIA

The traditions of America's fighting forces are enriched and ennobled by the story of how those men trapped aboard the Tuscania, with peril facing them on every side, calmly lined up at attention and sang—that their British companions might sing with them—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee." They proved themselves the equals in every sense of the Birkenhead's crew, and of the men who, doggedly retreating under a withering fire at Mons while fighting for their King, still had the heart and spirit to sing out their prayer to—

"Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious"

They proved themselves the spiritual heirs of "Don't give up the ship" Lawrence, and of "Damm the torpedoes" Farragut, unafraid to die. They faced the stars together with the silence of "on" without quivering or grumbling; and the honor accorded them for the way they laid down their lives should be no less than that accorded to their comrades who fall in actual combat with the enemy on the field of battle.

We can guess how this long predicted blow at our transport service must have shocked the good people at home; but we know how it must have rallied them and heartened them to learn with what fortitude, with what coolness the blow was met by the men who were the victims of it. For our own part, we know how we feel about it—and what sort of measures we will take to avenge it. The challenge of the Hun will be speedily answered. The men of the Tuscania's gallant company may rest assured of that.

After ten months' uninterrupted passage of troops from America to Europe, a German submarine succeeded in making a successful attack; and, the success, from the purely German point of view, is at best somewhat doubtful. Where the United States command had counted on sinking an entire convoy, they succeeded only in bringing down one of the flotilla—and, at last reports probably lost the very submarine which fired the torpedo. Even in sinking that one ship, the Germans did not send many of its complement to death in the heavy sea. Had all on board perished, the toll of the disaster would have been 2,400; as it is, the death roll of Americans contains but 113 names.

To discipline and courage, but above all, to discipline, the 2,288 survivors of the disaster—for it was a disaster, and must in no sense be regarded as unpreventable—owe their lives and their consequent opportunity for future service. They are well provided for on their obedience to the ship's regulations, on their self-attained proficiency in boat drills, on their natural American hardihood and resourcefulness. If ever men have learned the value of discipline, of strict obedience, of coolheaded following out of plans, those men have learned it. A costly and a terrible lesson it was, and therefore one well worth heeding. Discipline, first of all, is meant to save lives—the survivors of the Tuscania afford a striking example of its efficiency in combating the devices of the Hun.

Just what has Germany gained? She arrayed the sentiment of the entire civilized world against her when she sank the Tuscania and sent American women and children to a watery grave. She brought the vast power and unlimited resources of the United States into the war on the side of her enemies when she sank the Laconia, a bare year ago. By the sinking of the Tuscania she has made more indomitable than ever before the will of the American Army and Navy and the will of the great people behind them, to rest not an instant until the struggle against German tyranny, against Germany's unclean methods of war-making, against Germany's inordinate ambition is concluded with a clinching victory for the Right.

"BUSHES" THEY ARE, THEN
"Boches" Doesn't Lend Itself to
Amex Pronunciation
They may be "Boches" to the French and the British, but the Huns across in the German trenches will never be anything but "Bushes" to Uncle Sam's doughboys.

It was too hard to get the proper pronunciation of Boches. The doughboys tried it with a long "o" and with a short "o." Then they gave it up. "Get one of them Bushes for yourself and two for me," shouted a doughboy who had been left behind to a comrade departing for the trenches. So "Bushes" stuck.

AMERICA DROPS POLITICAL GAME TO WIN THE WAR

New Public Spirit Insists
On Big Constructive
Work

WAR MACHINE RUNS WELL

Governments Railroad and Finance
Measures Meeting Little
Opposition

HOUSING PROBLEM TO FORE

Freight Congestion Drastically
Relieved by Milder Weather and
Enforced Holidays

By J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS
AND STRIPES
(By Cable.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The dominant thought suggested by the events and discussions of the past week is that, without minimizing the difficulties encountered during the vast efforts of the past months to erect a huge national machine for war, the American talent and genius for constructiveness begins clearly to display itself.

Even in the emergency legislation this constructive idea appears clearly. Thus, the congressional discussion of the conduct of the war shows a real striving for a full understanding of the problems involved and an efficient solution. The public is displaying remarkably good sense of political values. Politics is decidedly secondary to a sweeping national desire for a true soundness and constructiveness that shall make enduring the governmental edifice. My belief is that the whole national situation, materially and spiritually, is extremely encouraging and gratifying.

War Machine Shaking Down
The indications are accumulating that the whole big machine, governmental and individual, is shaking down to a solid working basis, and that the nation's huge efforts are shaping gradually for a sound future as well as for the present vital war purposes.

Significant of this is the full page newspaper advertising campaign paid for by big business organizations, railroads, industries, and banks, for the purposes of educating the public to conserve life, limb, and health, and to avoid carelessness. There is also contemplated a moving picture campaign on "Safety First."

Discussion of the Government's railroad control bill shows the same desire for big, constructive work. Hardly any attempt is being made to inject the question of Government ownership into the present problem. The Government ownership advocates presumably could muster formidable support, but public opinion evidently favors a strictly practical test of the whole subject by means of the present form of control.

A Vast Experiment
Practically the only issue in the bill now before Congress is the time of return of the railroads to private ownership. The difference of opinion is as to their return at a fixed date immediately after the war, or an indefinite control for a reasonable period. There is no doubt that no better method could have been devised, even in time of peace, to study the whole railroad problem and discover a sound solution than by this vast experiment.

It appears obvious that American railroad management will never be the same again as before the war. I believe that under any circumstances the result will be the creation of the railroads and all other transportation agencies into a magnificent peace machinery for constructive, marketing, producing, transporting, marketing, and financing.

The war finance corporation bill arouses astonishingly little opposition or even discussion, despite the fact that it directly curbs and hits America's old friend, "High Finance." "High Finance" has not turned angel and probability is as good as dead. It has rightly been styled the most difficult to gain of all the decorations in the world, and the man who receives that emblem, inscribed with the word "valor," must have proved himself valorous indeed.

Such decorations as the President may authorize will not interfere in any way with the award of the Congressional medal, which presumably will be granted in the same way as heretofore. All future decorations will be in addition to the service badges and other insignia—as for border, Philippine, Porto Rican, Cuban, and Boxer service—which have already been authorized.

By authority of the President, a service badge with ribbon, to be known as the "Mexican Service Badge," will be issued to all officers and enlisted men who are now, or may hereafter be, in the military service of the United States and whose service has been under the following conditions:

In Mexico, afloat or ashore, as members of the Vera Cruz expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 20, 1914.
In Mexico as members of the punitive or other authorized expeditions between March 14, 1916, and February 7, 1917.
Those who were actually present and participated in an engagement against Mexicans between April 12, 1911, and February 7, 1917, in which there were casualties on the side of the United States troops.
Those who were present as members of the Mexican border patrol, between April 12, 1911, and February 7, 1917, in proximity to an engagement between Mexicans which resulted in casualties among their own company, troop, battery, or detachment.
No individual will be entitled to more than one Mexican Service Badge.
Persons now in the Army of the United States, who, if they had remained in the service would be entitled to this badge, and whose separation from the service has been honorable, may apply to the Adjutant General of the Army for authority to purchase and wear the Mexican Service Badge.

"A PICTURE WITHOUT A TITLE"



What do you call him?
Sammy? Say not so. He'd been you proper if you tried it! Yank? Hardly the name for a lad who may be one of the native sons of sunnyside California. Johnny? He's hanging around a dugout door, not a stage door—just try calling him Johnny! Tommy? Somebody beat us to it and copped that name for the bully boys of Britain. Polli? Polli means hairy, and this bird has the shagging habit.

Jack? The flatfoot out on the battlefields took that name long ago, about the time they began wearing a skirt on each leg. Buddy? Uh-hum; you hear it a good deal, but there are those who don't like it. Bill? Hell! That's this fool Kaiser's monicker. Nix on Bill! Jim? No, Charlie? Hardly; there were two Charlies running a couple of years ago and they both got licked. Woody? Sh, man, mind your manners! Joe? He's neither old nor black in the picture. Bert? Oh, we give it up. Try, please everybody is just as impossible in the name-choosing business as it is in the newspaper game.

Just the same though, he really ought to have a name. He has a home and a country and everything else; the only thing he lacks is a name. He's had his baptism of fire, but he was too busy then to pick out any handle for himself. He's either a doughboy or a leatherneck, to be sure; but those are trade names.

The fact remains that he hasn't yet got a real, all around, catch-as-catch-can title of his own.
"Call him just a plain American," you say? All right for ceremonial purposes, but not handy for slapping on in a hurry. "Amex"? Sounds like a brand of flour; so you're right where started out on "doughboy." Besides, you can't waste a floury nickname on him with Mr. Hoover carrying on the way he is—and you take your life in your hands if you give him a flowery one.

Really, as Mrs. Nero said to Mr. Nero while Rome was burning, something must be done about it. Our subject is too good a product to go unnamed, and to be known only by number, company and regiment. There wouldn't be any army at all if it wasn't for him and a lot more of him—and still people don't know what to call him. The French taking him all in a bunch, started "nos amis," meaning "our friends." But the way they got it off made him think it was "Sammy." It is taking him a long while to shake off that label.

Help us out, won't you? As "Life" used to run them: "Here's a picture without a title." Kids found a name for even the Mah. The Iron Mask. Why shouldn't a name be found for the Man with the Gas Mask and the tin can?

NEW VALOR MEDALS MAY BE CONFERRED

President Has Power to
Grant Them—Border
Vets Get Badge

Distinguished service medals, to be conferred on members of the American forces for deeds of gallantry in action and other exceptionally meritorious service, may be granted by the authority of the President of the United States, acting in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. A recent opinion of the Judge Advocate General states that the President has the power to provide for such decorations, in addition to those medals now sanctioned by legislative action.

This decision will be of particular interest to the men of the A. E. F., who for many months past have been looking with covetous eyes upon the Croix de Guerre, the Médaille Militaire, and the Legion d'Honneur worn on the breasts of their French compatriots; upon the Victoria Crosses and the D.C.M.s won by their British cousins, and upon the insignia of the Order of Leopold as worn by their Belgian Allies. So far as they knew, the only similar decoration awarded by their own Government was the Congressional Medal of Honor, granted only in the most exceptional cases, and then only by a favorable vote in both houses of Congress. It has rightly been styled the most difficult to gain of all the decorations in the world, and the man who receives that emblem, inscribed with the word "valor," must have proved himself valorous indeed.

Such decorations as the President may authorize will not interfere in any way with the award of the Congressional medal, which presumably will be granted in the same way as heretofore. All future decorations will be in addition to the service badges and other insignia—as for border, Philippine, Porto Rican, Cuban, and Boxer service—which have already been authorized.

By authority of the President, a service badge with ribbon, to be known as the "Mexican Service Badge," will be issued to all officers and enlisted men who are now, or may hereafter be, in the military service of the United States and whose service has been under the following conditions:

WHERE ERRING FEET ATTEND REFORM SCHOOL

Reclamation Camp Rescues the Fallen Arch and
Gives the Cure to Bunions—and It
Isn't a Hospital

A not unknown soldier who rests with in a splendid mausoleum in Paris once remarked that an army moves on its stomach. Of course, the great Napoleon was speaking figuratively, with reference to the need for keeping up food supplies. If he had been speaking literally, his remarks would have applied only to extended order skirmish drill, as we Americans know it. But Napoleon, if he had been minded to speak literally, would have said, of course, that an army moves on its feet, as every doughboy knows without being told.

Feet, then, are at the basis of an army's success. Feet have got to be strong and springy and unencumbered by corns and bunions and the like. To be in good condition, feet have got to be watched and tended with the same care that a doting mother expends on a new-born babe. But, if they are not good and strong to start with, feet are not of much use to a mobile army.

At least, that used to be the idea. The affliction of flat-footedness used to be considered as incurable as leprosy. So it was that army recruiting officers instituted the fascinating indoor sport of making the applicant hop, first on one foot and then on the other, the length of a dusty floor (floors in recruiting offices are always dusty, you know). If a man's naked sole, after that pleasing exercise, showed a neat little patch of white about the arch, he was considered foot-flat and acceptable. If, however, his sole was one flat smudge, he was thrown out into outer darkness.

Plan to Catch 'em Early

The British army has similar camps, or schools, but they are devoted in the main to the work of restoring convalescents to service strength, and are run in connection with military hospitals. The aim of the A. E. F. foot school, on the other hand, is to catch men before they break down, before they go to the front—to prevent rather than to cure.

In time, though, it is expected that institutions like the foot school will also have charge of restoring convalescent Americans to health and strength, for the possibilities of developing the foot school idea, as it is called, are literally innumerable. In fact, in time it is planned to have one such school for every Army Corps serving in France, adjacent to the corps replacement camp.

How Flat Feet Got By
Sometimes, however, army doctors, listening to the impassioned pleas of the flat-footed applicants would now and then relent and pass the men for service with cavalry or light artillery outfits—organizations that are supposed to be easier on the feet than is the hard-trudging infantry. But when cavalry commands were turned into machine-gun commands overnight—and machine-gun commands have to do a good deal of walking and lugging the men thus passed showed up as distinctly out of luck. And sometimes—though this is sacrilegious—flat-footed men got by anyway, just out of sheer perversity.

Feet, feet, feet! After a mushy winter of wetness in France, feet become the sole topic (no, that isn't meant for a pun) of conversation at all doctors' messes; and when doctors talk a mess they always talk shop. Consequently, when they talked nothing but feet at meal time it could be seen that the feet of the army, so to speak, were on their minds; which, with feet shod as they are now, with hobnails and all sorts of things, is an uncomfortable place to have other people's feet.

At length, one amongst the doctors, with great determination, remarked that something must be done. And this is the marvelous dictum he laid down:

Educating Fallen Arches
Feet can be educated, just like heads. Feet can be taught to arch neatly and prettily, just as stomachs can be taught to hold themselves in. Feet can be instructed in the art of holding up their bearers and their loads. All feet—when they always talk shop. Consequently, when they talked nothing but feet at meal time it could be seen that the feet of the army, so to speak, were on their minds; which, with feet shod as they are now, with hobnails and all sorts of things, is an uncomfortable place to have other people's feet.

He proposed to establish a foot school. This school was to receive all men whose pedal extremities hindered them in their work. It was, in short, intended to be a sort of House of the Good Shepherd for fallen arches.

He got his school. He was assigned a village in the whereabouts of France, possessing billet accommodations and a drill field. And then the halt and the lame began to pour in.
There weren't so many of them as he had at first expected. Some of them merely needed proper footwear. Some of them needed to wear specially constructed shoes for a while. Some of them needed his full course of foot instruction, known among the medical trade as orthopedic exercises. So they got the course—some of them are still getting it.

But the doctor had bulled more severely than he knew. He discovered that there were flat-foot and other bad-foot contingents had been quartered in his village, that there was room for more of the ailing. So he sent out the high sign to his brother doctors to send along those who were curved of spine, and potted of belly, and slouchy of stature, that the crooked might be made straight.

Four Companies in Camp
And in they came. There are now four companies in the "reclamation village," as it is sometimes called, though the term "foot camp" or "foot school" will never quite die out. These companies are graded according to their members' physical ability. A man arriving at the school in bad shape is assigned to the lowest of the four companies, and in course of time works his way up into the first. After he has completed his course of training in the first company, he is discharged and sent back to his former unit, fit-tested as fit for service. Fully 80 per cent of the men who enter the school are made able to resume work with their original organizations.

In case, however, that a man's condition is such that he cannot go back to his unit, the medical authorities at the school cast about to see if there is other work, perhaps of a non-combatant character, that he can do. Of some men whose feet are beyond reclamation, they make chauffeurs. Of some men whose backs are beyond repair, they make clerks. Not a little of their time is thus spent in trying to keep round pegs from being thrust into square holes, and vice versa. In short, they have established an occupational and classification bureau of their own. Those whose cases are absolutely hopeless, are, of course, discharged and sent back to the states; but there have been surprisingly few cases which have turned out to be as bad as that.

But the medical authorities do not command the foot school. It is in charge of a line officer, and the men under observation and treatment go through a regular routine of line training as far as their conditions allow. Twice a day there are orthopedic exercises for everyone afflicted, but the rest of the time is taken up with such marching as can be done, with bayonet and grenade work and all the rest. In all the drills, however, particular emphasis is placed on correct carriage, on muscular development; and, under the tutelage of a sergeant major of the British forces, loaned for the purpose by the B. E. F., the men have come along remarkably well.

KNOW HOW TO SILENCE 'EM

It was one big surprise for everyone in the machine-gun company when the Chaplain came last got Butch into the church for Sunday services. Butch is rated a pretty hard hombre—honest, efficient, and faithful as they make them, but not very careful about his language and more than willing to scrap most anyone any time.

The Chaplain got him one day as Butch was splicing some harness for one of the mules. His line was about like this:

"Now Butch, I'm going to ask you to come to church Sunday morning. I know you don't want to, but I want you to come as a favor to me."

"If you were out selling lightning rods you'd at least expect a farmer to put you on his house for a trial, if it wasn't going to cost him anything."

"Now, we've been good friends ever since I came to the regiment, haven't we, Butch?"

Butch admitted they had been. So the Chaplain pursued his advantage:

"Good," he said. "Now I'm dealing in an article which I claim will cure a lot of troubles. I'm only asking you to try one sample."

Well, Butch was in church Sunday.

The Chaplain had been called away just before services, and a visiting chaplain occupied the pulpit. The rest of the fellows, seeing Butch up in front, were glad to have him with them.

The visiting chaplain looked out over the congregation of freshly-shaved, khaki-clad gunners for some one to lead in prayer.

Somehow his eyes fastened on red-haired Butch sitting only a few feet away.

The little congregation of soldiers grew tense as they waited for the chaplain to speak. You could just feel he was going to call on Butch.

"Will this young man kindly lead us in prayer?" he asked.

Butch got up. Every eye was on him. Everyone wondered how he'd make out, being called on like that the first time he had been to church in years.

But Butch was equal to the emergency. "Let us have five minutes of silent meditation," said Butch.

He did.

"This gives Chicago a great laugh on New York. Galli Curci had been singing with the Chicago Opera Company for more than a year past. Chicago hailed her as a soprano conflagration, but New York disbelieved. New Yorkers now stand in line for several blocks to buy tickets."

Galli Curci is twenty-eight years old. She sang in Italy five years ago and then went to South America. She began singing in Chicago for \$300 a night; she now gets \$1,000. Her income this season will probably be \$200,000, within \$50,000 of Caruso's.

COL. ROOSEVELT BETTER

Country Relieved as He Rallies After Operations

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The country has been greatly relieved to hear the reports of Colonel Roosevelt's progress toward recovery, after the two operations he underwent recently for abscess of the ear.

The streets leading to Roosevelt Hospital have been thronged with the motors of the ex-president's friends, calling to learn his condition.
The doctors in charge, while admitting that the colonel's case was at one time critical, have constantly voiced their belief that his enormous vitality would pull him through.

TEA FOR CHINESE LABOR

Chinese laborers who may be on duty with the A. E. F. will get the "Flaming ration" as set forth in the Army Regulations of 1917, with the substitution of tea for the coffee ration contained therein.

TRENCH SHOWMEN PUT ON A MUSICAL NIGHT

Program in Their Rest Camp Features Mouth Organ and Trench Fiddle Numbers—Also a Prize Recitation

By W. J. PEGLER
Correspondent of the United Press With the A. E. F.

The men of L Company had a "musical evening" back in the rest camp on the night before they went back into the trenches.

The big Swedish supply sergeant played everything he knew on his trench-made fiddle—whittled out of ration boxes during odd moments of the previous week's turn of duty. A young boy from Milwaukee, with a German-sounding name, whose daddy can't speak English without a Weber and Fields accent, gave the "Star Spangled Banner" on a mouth organ. Slim, the cook, sang "Poor Boy," which has seventy-five verses, while all the rest of the men sang in a harmonious undertone of minor, "plinky-plinky-plinky-plinky." In imitation of the banjos which were lacking from the musical company.

Willie, the sixteen-year-old corporal whose age shows "21" in the orderly room, sang "Cavalcade," the rollicking Villista song which many an Amex soldier learned on the border. And Johnson, the captain's orderly, contributed two wailing blues melodies with some store that jarred half the candles down off the shelf and threw the hut into semi-darkness.

Machine Gun Joins In

The camp is not far from the front—not as far as from your home to the office if you live in a big town. At one moment when the captain was "orderly" Johnson to do the dance for the boys, there fell a bill in the entertainment and you could plainly hear some machine gun down in the trenches probably spraying at a Boche working party or patrol. Except for this and the occasional thump of a gun, there was very little doing and the front had settled down to the highly silent business of patrolling.

Johnson is an accomplished lad. Born in Ireland nineteen years ago, he sailed for America five years ago and joined the American Army when it wasn't much of an army as European nations measure their armies. In six months' life in France he has learned to speak French, which makes his fourth language—Gaelic, English, French and Polish, which he learned from another member of the regiment.

Little Mike Francis, from the hills of North Carolina, told how he dodged the reveries when he was distilling illicit corn-jules on the acres willed to him by his old dad. Mike is the pigeon specialist of the company. He cares for the carrier pigeons. When asked about his qualifications for the job he said he had had lots of pigeons when a boy.

"What kind of pigeons did you have?" the captain asked.

"Two kinds," Mike replied readily, "great big ones and little bits of ones."

However, Mike showed by his further discourse on carriers that he really knew something about pigeons, so he got the job. He has made good in the trenches and now he claims to have invented a gas mask which will protect the faithful messenger-birds from the enemy's noxious fumes.

DOUGHBOYS HIKE TO BATTLE

Continued from Page 1

you can form a faint conception of what the infantry went through on that day of January, 1918. If not, you won't be able to get even the glimmer of an idea of what it was like.

Skating, Not Hiking

Keeping step was impossible, of course, and was only a bluff at maintaining columns of four formation. Every movement on the treacherous ice was as perilous as learning to skate. In the first five hundred yards there was not a man in the regiment except the mounted officers who escaped a tumble and lots of them went down again and again. Yet it was rare for anyone to fall out and stragglers were few. With all the progress made was remarkable, and the temper of the men—after that first outburst of cursing—amiable.

Wagon trains and motor trucks had as bad a time of it as the men on foot. The mules were splendid. Sliding along in apparently haphazard fashion, they managed to hold up where a horse would have given up the struggle forthwith. The narrowness of the road increased the difficulties of navigation. I counted six four-mule teams in the ditches bordering the road in the first mile out of Mudville. Squads had to be detached from the companies to get them out, and to gather up the supplies and baggage strewn over the landscape.

At the end of the first hour's marching, during a ten-minute breathing spell, I discovered a fellow New Yorker in one of the companies.

"How's the hiking?"

"Say, this ain't hiking, it's skating, and I've done plenty of that out in Pelham Bay Park," was the reply. "I'm getting along great, outside of a few fractures of the funny bone and internal contusions the first two or three times I forgot to watch my step. If the Bushes have any shrapnel that's harder than this road they're doing well."

Gothamite Sticks It Out

I noticed this chap again a couple of hours later. He was at the tail end of his platoon, limping badly. An officer told him he could climb aboard one of the supply wagons if his feet hurt him. He just shook his head, and kept on hiking. Before the war he was selling goods' furnishings in a Sixth Avenue department store.

The officers without exception watched their men as a collie watches the ewe lambs in a flock. Most of those who were mounted got off their horses as soon as they were outside Mudville and marched the rest of the way on foot. I saw one of them offering his horse to a badly wounded private, and another, despite a slightly sprained ankle, refused a lift in a passing staff car.

The regiment reached a morose hamlet we'll call Manureburg because that's what it principally was a half past that they had covered nine miles, more than half the day's distance, in just two hours and a half. And they came in singing! None of the new, much-plugged war ditties, but the doughboys' venerable battle hymn

"The infantry, the infantry, with the dirt behind their ears.
"The infantry, the infantry, they can't get any beers;
"The cavalry, the artillery and the bloomin' Engineers.

won the Y.M.C.A.'s first prize just before the regiment went into the trenches in a contest to advertise the atrocities of the Boche and perk up the regiment's fighting spirit.

One lad submitted a photograph of a girl, clipped from a back home newspaper. She is a very pretty young woman. He wrote below the photograph: "Protect Your Sister from the Boche." This got second prize, but the attempt that copied the five bucks was the poem from the Anardarko sergeant, printed in the first issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES and here repeated for the purposes of this story:

By the rifle on my back,
By my old and well-worn pack,
By the bayonets we sharpened in the billets down below,
When we're holding to a sector,
By the Holy Jumping Hector,
Colonel, we'll be Gott-strafed if the Blankteeth let it go.

And the Boches big and small,
Runtz and Boche and tall,
Won't keep your boys a-squinting in the ditches very long.
For we'll soon be busting through, sir,
God help Fritz when we do, sir,
Let's be going, Colonel Blank, because we're feeling mighty strong.

The sergeant recited his poem and brought down the house. There was a lot of yelling and the captain had to lift his hand in a gesture of restraint on the noisy cheering.

But the damage had been done. There was a vigorous and angry knocking on the door, and in the silence that followed the machine guns were heard again.

The captain went to answer the summons and stepped outside to talk with a second lieutenant of an engineer company stationed near the front to build a light railway.

Just One More Song!

"Captain, don't you think your men ought to be made to consider someone else?" the second lieutenant demanded in an irritated tone. "I've been working since five a.m. and so have my men. We are tired. This noise is disturbing us. It's now 8:30. My men have got to get sleep and so have I."

Always a diplomat, the captain apologized, accepting the entire blame.

"Well, I'll have just one more song," he bargained, "and then we'll quit."

"Thank you, sir," said the second lieutenant, and he turned back along the path to his billet.

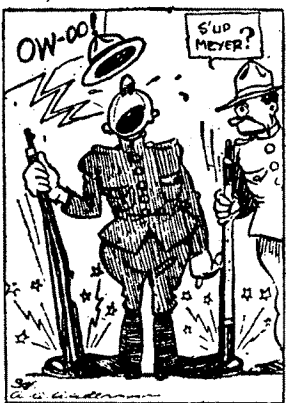
Probably the captain had the engineers on his mind when he came back into the hut.

"Let's have the engineer's song," said he.

They whooped it up.

And the next night at dusk they marched back into the line—mud, ditch, hardship, peril, patrols, shrapnel, mines, the Boche and rats that grow big as chickens, for another spell in the trenches.

NO TALKING IN RANKS!



Jack: "What's the difference between a collie dog and a classy boulevardier sucking a cane?"

Bock: "You've got me; spring it."

Jack: "One is a model collie and the other is a mollycoddle."

TWO WAYS TO FUSS A NURSE

Not long ago a witty private attached to a base hospital was confined in a ward by illness for several days. He was in the habit of "rubbing it in" on his comrades. He knew no limit and frequently his glib tongue sent shafts of biting satire into the very hide of his fellows, but his good nature mollified the effects.

In this particular hospital private and nurses were not permitted to associate with one another and promenades were taboo within the hospital grounds or elsewhere. Strict compliance with the orders had been observed as far as the attending nurses and ward patients knew, and therein the "wit" handed out a stinger to his kind nurse.

"We had some time on that moonlight promenade the other evening—didn't we, nurse?" said Mac in a loud voice. This impertinent question raised sixty heads from their pillows and sixty pairs of eyes were gazing at friend nurse. She looked puzzled, blushed several times and then growled, but Mac lay quietly, observing the effect of his lustrous question on said nurse. He hesitated long enough to temper his joke, and, seeing that the nurse was smiling it off, said:

"Oh! That's all right, all right; but you're not any more ashamed of it than I am."

THE WRIST WATCH SPEAKS

I am the wrist watch.

Before the war I was worn by women. Rejuvenated and fragile, I hung about their dainty wrists, looked at more for the gems that adorned me than for the time I kept.

I was also worn by lounge-lizards, the boys who had their handkerchiefs tucked up their sleeves, who would be soon seen without their highly-polished canes as without their trousers, the little lads who tried to sport monocles and endeavored in vain to grow mustaches and to cultivate un-American accents.

I was the mark of the woman and the "he-man." I was ridiculed by stage comedians, by cartoonists of the press, by haberdashers and men's outfitters of all sorts. To buy me was to buy social ostracism at the hands of one's fellow-creatures. To wear me in public, in the allegedly more rugged portions of the Middle West, was to invite physical violence. To flaunt me in the face of the Arizona cowboy—my whole works tremble to think of the consequences!

But now—behold me, revived, glorified, part and parcel of the practical equipment for the most practical of wars!

Tuned to the minute, I give the time for the marching millions from the base ports to the front.

From the general down to the newly-arrived buck private, they all wear me, they all swear my me instead of at me.

On the wrist of every line officer in the front line trenches, I point to the hour, minute and second at which the waiting men spring from the trenches to the attack.

I, the once-deplored, am the final arbiter as to when the barrage shall be laid down, when it shall be advanced, when it shall cease, when it shall resume. I need not point with my tiny hands and the signal is given that means life or death to thousands upon thousands.

My phosphorous glow soothes and charms the chilled sentry, as the standard, deep in water amid the impetuous blackness, and tells him how long he must watch there before his relief is due.

I mount guards, I dismiss guards. Everything that is done in the army it is done for the army behind the lines, must be done according to my dictates. True to the Green Guard, I am the instructor, the arbiter, the consoler, the friend of every officer and every man.

I am, in this war, the indispensable, the always-to-be-reckoned-with.

I am the wrist watch.

reached the town in which they were to pass the night this youth pointed his rifle at his head and pulled the trigger. There was no explanation for his act, other than that he had seemed in a despondent mood for several days. He had enlisted at the start of the war and had a good record as a soldier. He lay on the low wooden bunks covered with straw in a comatose slumber until reviled the next morning. They say the snoring that arose from these bunks made the Boches think a barrage was being laid down at Verdun.

The infantry hiked some sixteen miles over those ice-plastered roads that first day. Their casualties, apart from the suicide, were four men down with mumps and one man crippled with rheumatism.

COMPANY FUNDS PROFIT THROUGH A. E. F. NEWSPAPER

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BULLETIN No. 10 GIVES PLAN

All Profits From Publication of THE STARS AND STRIPES Also to Go to Companies

How company funds can be swelled materially through subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official publication of the A. E. F., is made clear in Bulletin No. 10 which has been sent by G. H. Q., A. E. F., to all unit and detachment commanders of the American over-seas command.

The price of a three months' subscription for soldiers is four francs. If the number of subscriptions in a company totals 100 or over, one franc of each individual subscription price is added to the company fund.

If the total number of unit subscriptions is 100 or over, but less than 150, seventy-five centimes of each individual subscription price go into the company fund. Sixty-five subscriptions will mean that fifty centimes of each individual subscription price go immediately into the company fund, while a total of subscriptions below sixty-five will give the company fund twenty-five centimes of each subscription price.

Thus, no matter what the number of subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES in a company organization, the company fund will benefit, and every soldier knows the luxury-buying power of every additional penny in a well-handled company fund.

In addition to benefiting immediately through receiving a share of every three months' subscription price to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the company funds will also participate in the profits accruing from the publication of the paper, profits that are confidently expected to result from civilian subscriptions and advertising.

Besides setting forth how company funds will profit from the publication

between the amount charged the organization and the individual subscription price of four francs.

9. Regimental and similar unit commanders will designate an officer to consolidate and handle the subscriptions and funds for the regiment or unit, and also to see that the weekly bundles for each company or detachment are promptly delivered. Company and detachment commanders will make a settlement every three months with the officer mentioned above. The list of subscribers will be kept in the company and not forwarded.

10. When all subscriptions are paid, the officer designated in each regiment will forward the funds with a statement showing number of subscriptions per company, through the Division Adjutant to "The Treasurer, STARS AND STRIPES, G. H. Q., A. E. F."

11. As soon as the number of subscriptions in each unit has been approximately determined, it will be reported to the Division Adjutant, who is authorized to use the telegraph to notify THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, G. H. Q., A. E. F., of the earliest possible moment of the total number of subscriptions in the division, giving these figures by company units, so that the necessary number of copies to fill the subscriptions may be printed and forwarded each week.

12. The required number of papers to fill subscriptions will be delivered each week through regulating stations along with other supplies for organizations. Station commanders will take the necessary steps to have these papers delivered promptly to company officers for distribution to individual subscribers.

13. Individual subscriptions for officers and men not attached to organizations will be received and handled by the nearest officer designated by a regimental or similar commander as outlined in paragraph 9.

14. Members of the A. E. F. wishing copies sent by mail to friends can pay for such subscriptions at the base rate, four francs for three months. Designated regimental officers (see paragraph 9) will forward such names and addresses, with postal money order, to the Treasurer, STARS AND STRIPES, G. H. Q., A. E. F.

15. The heartiest and promptest cooperation of all organization commanders is desired in order that THE STARS AND STRIPES may reflect the greatest possible credit on the A. E. F.

By COMMAND OF GENERAL PERSHING:

JAMES G. HARRORD,

Brigadier General, Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

BENJ. ALVORD, Adjutant General.

AMERICA DROPS

POLITICAL GAME

TO WIN THE WAR

Continued from Page 1

news usually effective in scaring the stock market had practically no effect on it. Even the bad news about the sinking of the Tuscania caused no flurry. The steadiness appears to indicate an extremely strong general confidence.

Whole Nation Tested

NEW YORK, Feb. 7 (delayed in transmission).—During the month just past the whole nation has been decidedly tested. The unexampled weather and the fuel scarcity put a severe strain upon all classes of the population. The entire country, with all its teeming cities and mixed populations, withstood the test in perfect order. Admirable conduct was in evidence everywhere.

The American people proved that self-government works. There was no occasion anywhere for the authorities to suppress disorder; there was no need for appeals to patriotism. The people faced the problem quietly, resolutely, patiently.

One of the extraordinary aspects of the situation was the unexpectedly great efficiency under sudden strain of American local government, city and state. Excellent cooperation was afforded in meeting the needs of the Federal Government. Municipal machineries everywhere worked wonderfully well and a general willingness to subordinate personal and sectional interests was everywhere to be observed. In other words, the communal spirit was universally exhibited.

A Splendid Answer

The five-day factory suspension order afforded another drastic test of the national spirit and good sense. It was met with a response which was inspiring. An intelligent, broad view of the situation was general, and the order was obeyed in spirit as well as in letter. Violations of the order were astonishingly few. Thus the first actual demand on the American people for some sacrifice and some actual privation for the furtherance of a great purpose has been answered splendidly.

The people's attitude toward the present discussion in Congress on war materiel has also been good up to date. There is no indication anywhere of an inclination on the part of the nation to be carried off its feet. The public attitude is earnest, but patient. An intelligent desire to know all the facts is preponderant any display of temper.

American Principle Works

The people have shown, in a dignified way, their determination to know the whole truth, and to give a fair, calm hearing to all. They have made it clear that no man with a good case need fear the verdict of his country. They have created a court of public opinion before which any man might be glad and proud to appear.

I believe the Army in France may rest its full faith on the big fact that the American principle does work. We must doubtless expect other events affecting the nation's courage, and cannot expect a continuously perfect reaction, but the past month has assuredly proved the soundness of the whole body of the people, and has given an example of surprising solidarity without loss of the typical American independence of thought.

BEATING THE BLUE PENCIL

Here's one way correspondents have of gently evading the censorship and still staying in the good graces of the censors:

"I visited today a unit that is commanded by a major who is still in his early thirties," a correspondent will write. "This young major is the son of a former President of the United States, who has very prominent teeth, who occasionally, mind you, will drink a milk punch just before retiring if he has had a particularly strenuous day, and who is the inventor of numerous dishes, such as the shorter and uglier word, 'you and I are practical men,' 'the strenuous life,' etc., etc."

A CHANT OF ARMY COOKS

We never were made to be seen on parade
When sweethearts and such line the streets,
When the band starts to blare, look for us—we ain't there.
We're musing around with the eats.
It's fun to step out to the echoing sound
Of a crowd that forgets how you're fed,
While we're soiling our duds hacking
eyes out of spuds—
You know what Napoleon said.

When the mess sergeant's gay, you can bet hell's to pay
For the boys who are standing in line;
When the boys get a square, then the sergeant is there
With your death warrant ready to sign.

If you're long on the grub, then you're damned for a dub,
If you're short, you're a miser instead,
But, however you feel, you must get the next meal—
You know what Napoleon said.

You think it's a cinch when it comes to the clinch
For the man who is grinding the meat;
In the heat of the fight, why, the cook's out of sight.

With plenty of room to retreat,
But a plump of a shell in a kitchen is hell!
When the roof scatters over your head,
And you crawl on your knees to pick up the K. P.'s—
You know what Napoleon said.

If the war ever ends, we'll go back to our friends—
In the army we're nary a one—
We'll list to the prattle of this or that battle.

And then, when the story is done,
We'll say when they ask, "now what was your task,
And what is the glory you shed?"
"You see how they thrive—well, we kept 'em alive!"
You know what Napoleon said.

NO RECIPE REQUIRED

Hash is a staple dish in the American home, but not in the Army. Therefore, when a mess sergeant repeated the hash diet several days, one of the privates made several remarks about the food to his pals.

"How do they make that 'ere hash'?" he asked innocently.

An ebony-hued lad who had been second cook on a Mississippi packet looked at the questioner and smiled.

"They don't make hash; it jus' accumulates."

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2000 Bachelors of Art of Fighting Have Been Turned Out of Army's Schools in France

FIVE WEEKS' COURSE IS STIFF ONE TO BUCK

"What We're Here For," Say Students as They Buckle Down to Big Job

By W. S. BALL
Correspondent of the Providence Journal With the American Army in France

America's educational system is expanding, as perhaps you realize. Perhaps, also, you know that it is bulging heavily in this direction. But it is developing more than you might believe. I suspect, along formal and elaborate lines.

I have just returned from a visit to one of our newest and busiest American universities. There are, of course, special training schools of many sorts in all the armies. But this one is a real university, a group of post-graduate schools; so far as I know it was the first of its kind.

And scribbling here by dubious candle light in the office of the village tavern, where French and American uniforms and accents are mingling curiously around the room, I want, while the picture of what I have seen is fresh in mind, to emphasize the fact that it is a splendidly American addition to our chain of educational institutions.

The universities back home have, for the duration of the war, a lively rival here. And yet not merely a rival. It supplements their work as well. Within the day I have talked with Brown graduates and those of other colleges, now studying side by side with men who have seen no schooling since eighth grade days.

This university, whose name is a number and whose address is the familiar alphabetical trilogy "A. E. F.," has for its campus a few thousand acres of mud.

Its lecture halls are squatly shacks about as impressive as those in a typical street-widening scene in downtown Providence. Its dormitories can be distinguished from the lecture halls by the numbers over the doors, and nowhere else. Its laboratory apparatus would make the sternest showing of the engineering department of any university back home look like a Behemoth sewing circle.

College Yell Is Untamed

Its college yell exists only in the form of a general shout of glee at grub time. Its favorite song is "Rosie O'Grady," or something equally antique. Whatever old ditty happens to be running in any man's mind at the moment will serve.

Its official bell is a bugle. Its campus gate is a two-by-three trench box. Every physical faculty of it is raw and primitive.

It is equipped to graduate 8,000 super-fighters a year. More than 2,000 of them already cherish its diplomas. And every man it sends out from any one of its departments is not merely a super-fighter, but the teacher of a company of fighters. For it is a normal school as well.

It was said that Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other made a college. Here, too, it is the instructors and the students, rather than the physical equipment, that make the university. The spirit of the men creates the place.

I mentioned that 2,000 already cherish its diplomas. "Cherish" is right. For a diploma from this school is a tribute to hard-won knowledge—knowledge of how to "get" the Kaiser's cohorts.

The man who passes his exams here has learned much. He knows the goods—the strange goods that this war demands. He can teach others to deliver them. He can help America put on its "show." (I like that phrase from the British front. It says so much so casually.)

The man who flunks—but not many of them have flunked so far. They take it too earnestly. They are studying to beat the Boche.

They are of all sorts and all degrees of previous education, products of college and high school and store and bank and factory. But they are all men in khaki, which means that they are all men of one sort. They are here for business.

Exams Are Good Stiff Ones

For they are men who have been in France long enough to realize—to feel in their muscle and marrow as well as in their minds—that we are facing a job to test the mettle of the biggest of Republics. This school is here to teach them to do their share. And they are not dawdling.

"We had our first written exam a couple of days ago," one of the students told me. A man, by the way, whose name used to figure in the headlines after certain intercollegiate events not many years since. "And believe me, I never ran up against a tougher test in all my four years at —." He named a famous university.

"Did you pass it?"

"You bet your life I passed it. That's what I'm here for."

That's the spirit of the place. It is the spirit not alone of this particular school, but of khaki-America in France. Give the men here a reasonable chance with supplies and all, and "you can bet your life" on them. Which, as a matter of fact, is the gamble you can't dodge in this affair.

The geography of the university in question is difficult to describe without unwise precision. The easiest way to get to it is to don Uncle Sam's uniform and make good in your company until Friend Captain asks you to make better by sending you here. If Friend Colonel and Friend General endorse the Captain's guess about you, then welcome to our village.

"To Make Better Than Good"

"To make better than good" is the real motto of the institution. It takes, by a careful system of selection and assignment, picked men from different commands in many branches of the service. These are given a vigorous course in the intricacies of the newest arts of modern war, and then return to their commands to pass along what they have learned.

It differs from the scattered training camps of the French and British Armies and the few that the American Army has here, each devoted to a single branch, in being a consolidated group of several

such schools. This is the American plan for economy of administration. It has the added and important advantage of permitting the easy co-ordination of courses that fit into each other.

As now constituted, the schools in this group can care for nearly 11,000 students. Each school takes commissioned and non-commissioned officers alike, and the enrollment is about equally divided between them.

The lengths of the courses differ slightly in the various affiliated schools, but five weeks is the general period of a term. The longest, aerial observation, is six weeks. There's one course which practically all the students of all the schools are required to take, that lasts three days.

"And an almighty important course it is, too," declared the President of the university as he outlined for me the work of the institution. One would say so. It is the course in defense against gas attacks.

With terms of five weeks each for the majority students, and a necessary interval of a week between outgoing and incoming classes, the university is prepared to graduate eight classes a year, of a thousand or more men each. It was established last September, definitely expanded about the middle of October and has been steadily increasing its capacity ever since.

All Branches But Two

There are now ten departments or schools, all but two of which are conducted on the main campus. These two are not far away, and are under the same presidency and general direction.

To pass through all ten, absorbing everything that they have to offer, would be to learn practically everything that is known, up to the latest flick of the watch, of the art of modern warfare in every branch except heavy artillery and flying. These are taught elsewhere.

Here, for example, infantry officers are taught the latest angles of their many-sided jobs, from setting up drills to sniping, from trench routine to liaison with the artillery. For the infantry officer must know an amazingly number of things, and the number is increasing with every day of war experience. He must be the expert of his command in every branch of its work.

He must know the surest way to land a hand grenade in the enemy trenches at the particular quarter-second when it will do the most good. He must know machine guns and automatic rifles as if he had invented them. He must know the meaning of every highlight and every shadow in an aerial photograph of the enemy trenches opposite him. He must know to the ultimate detail how to follow barrage fire when his men go over the top.

He must know these and a hundred other things, all in addition to the supreme art of commanding men. Of seeing that they have the regulation allowance of socks when they take to the trenches. Of insisting that they grease their feet properly. Of making sure that their rations are well cooked. Of keeping them cheered up when tobacco runs low or when the mailman doesn't come around with letters from home.

"Real Dope" Is Taught Here

Much of the work of the infantry school, of course, is similar to that of Plattsburg and other officer training camps at home. But it gains intensity here, and sees the constant introduction of new tricks fresh from the fighting lines, by the fact of being in the very heart of the war zone.

The instructor who tells the class what to look out for in a trench raid, either ours or theirs, may be a British or a French or an American officer who within the week has been in a trench raid himself. To be in intimate touch like this with the actual fighting from day to day and to work within inspiration of its sound, is one of the privileges of the university.

Most of the instructors are American colonels and majors and captains who have supplemented their previous training by study of their specialties in the English and French training schools, and in their lines as well. But the lecturers include officers from the other armies who have won prominence as authorities in different branches of war.

Each student of the infantry school is expected before he receives his diploma to be a master of the art of withstanding a gas attack. This has a department to itself, but its course fits into the courses of the other schools. Which is one of the advantages of the university system our army has adopted.

In the gas school the men are taught the story of notorious fumes in the war. Then they are given descriptions of the various types that have been introduced by the kindly Germans, and the ways in which these are most quickly and surely detected. They are told some of the results of gas attacks from the experiences of the English and French, and the permanent effect on individuals who are gassed.

Speed Tests in Gas Mask Work

Next they are given masks and taught to put them on quickly. Speed counts. With certain kinds of gas it counts so much that "do it quick or don't bother to do it at all" is the axiom. Quickness in getting the masks adjusted becomes a point of rivalry among the men, and they tell of the various records that have been made as they might talk of a hundred yard dash.

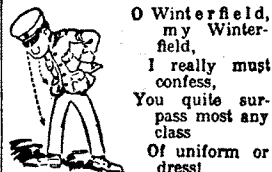
Then come the gas chambers. These and open air demonstrations supplement the theory of the class room. For the school is nothing if not practical.

Down the road from the campus, as I drove toward it in the morning, there came a platoon of queer looking individuals walking heavily through the mud. At a distance they might have been the mythical men from Mars that the boys used to write about. As we came closer, the individuals resolved themselves into students out for a practice hike wearing their anti-gas regalia. They were learning to advance through a gas zone, and there was no make-believe about the thoroughness with which they were fitting themselves for the front.

Different types of masks and respirators which experience has shown to be the most useful, methods of "spotting"

AN ODE TO MY WINTERFIELD UNIFORM

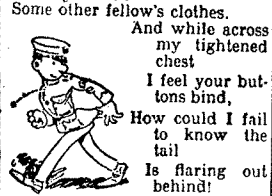
By Q. M. SERGEANT PERCY WEBB



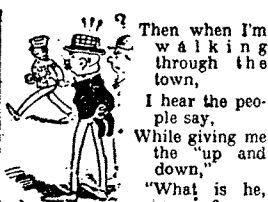
O Winterfield, my Winterfield, I really must confess, You quite surpass most any class Of uniform or dress!

And yet the shades of coat and pants, Oh, uniform of mine, Are brown and green, while in between, There is a color line!

There's class to your patch pockets; still, I've reason to suppose They call them "patch" because they match Some other fellow's clothes.

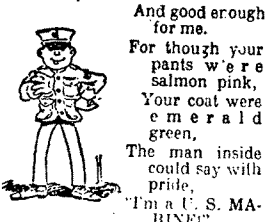


And while across my tightened chest I feel your buttons bind, How could I fail to know the tail Is flaring out behind!



Then when I'm walking through the town, I hear the people say, "While giving me the 'up and down,' 'What is he, anyway?'"

"Is he one of the flying corps, A home-guard, engineer— A Belgian or a Britisher On farlough over here?"



O Winterfield, my Winterfield! Whatever your merits be, You're good enough for Uncle Sam, And good enough for me.

For though your pants were salmon pink, Your coat were emerald green, The man inside could say with pride, "I'm a U. S. MARINE!"

was when it first comes over, ways of anticipating attacks and preparations for meeting them—all these are included in the brief but intensive course.

I have dealt at some length with the infantry and gas school, because these can be described less technically than some of the others, and I am not here trying to give even a casual imitation of a military treatise. Our university teaches also engineering in most of its war branches, many forms of camouflage, rifle and pistol and automatic gun fire, grenade throwing, bayonet work, army sanitation from the medical expert and company commander point of view, and aerial observation. Every one of them deserves a description to itself as a part of the description but this is a story of the institution as a whole.

Schools Like Mushrooms

Not the least interesting phase of the whole big enterprise has been the way in which it has grown from nothing and carried on its teaching at the same time. Which is typical of much that our army already in France has been through.

We are just at the threshold of our part in the affair. Our officers have been working out the problems not merely of the untold thousands who are here, but of the untold hundreds of thousands to follow.

Hardly more than three months ago the site of this sprawling establishment was a rural French landscape and nothing more. Fields of grain and vegetables occupied it. A farm building or two, and the village in the distance were the only signs of life. Then it was chosen as the location for the first of our military universities, and America moved in.

Construction work was barely under way when the work of instruction began. Classes were formed almost before there were barracks to house all the students. Artillery ranges and practice trenches were still to be provided. The executive officers and instructors evolved their systems of teaching while they built roads and planned barracks. And building still goes on as fast as resources at hand will allow.

Today the President of the university, whose real title is Commandant of the schools, took me to the summit of a little hill not far from the administration building and pointed out the various features of the institution.

"There," said he, indicating, "is the 'There' I mean will be, I mean is —" "There is, or will be, or partly is —" "One really does not know how much per cent of the university is on earth and how much is still on paper till one has consulted the construction records of the previous half-day."

'Tis a Hard Day's Work

But there is enough of it done to furnish plenty of opportunity for work for the thousands students. And, as I have hinted, they take opportunity by the hand and sortie roughly with it through the snow or the mud or over the frozen hummocks.

To tell the truth, there is not much incentive to do anything else, and little desire. The school day's schedule of classes and lectures and drills runs from 8 in the morning to 5:30 in the afternoon. After that hour, in addition to getting supper and attending to personal equipment, the only remaining time goes into study for the next day. Of text books there are not many. But there are notes on the lectures, given out in the form of typewritten sheets, and there is plenty of laboratory study of the various weapons and devices.

"Where do you do your studying?" I asked one of the men.

For answer he pointed to the two-story bunks that stretched down the hundred-foot barracks in which we stood.

"Lying in those, with candles for light," he said, "or else we go to Y.M.C.A. hut. Or else we see our recreation and lecture hall. We use that for a study room a good deal of the time."

So he led me by narrow board walks stretching across seas of mud to another barracks, outwardly exactly like the one from which we had come. But inside, in place of bunks, it had rude tables and benches, of a sort that would make a country district schoolroom seem palatial by contrast.

Around the sides were guns of the particular type with which this particular department dealt. In front was a blackboard covered with diagrams from that day's lecture.

In such a college hall are being learned, day after day and night after night, the lessons that will be carrying our men over the top and on toward the Rhine.

Brisk Beginning Helps

But they start the day by playing tag. Whatever department the student may be in, the first routine of his forenoon schedule, immediately after breakfast, is known as "close order drill." This, primarily, is an infantry drill, designed to teach precision, quick response to command, and discipline. It is varied, however, with games that seem ludicrously incongruous when their relation to the business of war is considered. For the most part they are games after the general pattern of "Pussy wants a corner" and other forms of systematized tag.

This is a feature of our training that has been adopted from the British military schools, where they are enthusiastic

about it. It breaks up the start of the day's proceedings, it quickens the blood, it teaches alertness and it furnishes a laugh now and then.

"When we first tackled these kid stunts," explained one of the students, "we felt more or less foolish. But soon we got to see the value of them, and then to enjoy them. Now we go in for them for all we are worth."

It is a diverting sight to see a group of husky men in khaki, who the day before were "going with rapid-fire guns and hand-grenades, and who a few minutes later will turn to jabbing bayonets through dummies and tackling barbed wire entanglements, chase each other floundering through the mud in a desperate attempt to "tag" each other.

But it is a part of the training whose value grim experience has taught. And the contrasts of war are strange in other ways than this.

As the five weeks' course nears its end, the men spend more and more of their time putting into actual practice in the field what they have been learning. The final week brings a general liaison test of the various departments, each section contributing its special branch of the fighting to a miniature battle, which is as realistic as anything to be seen back of the actual front.

The Term's "Big Show"

This is the "big show" of the term. It furnishes a climax that fixes many things in mind as the men return to their barracks and pack their belongings in preparation for their return to their several commands, scattered through Somewhere.

Once upon a time we heard a phrase about a million men springing into action between sunset and sunrise—or was it between sunrise and sunset? Long ago we learned the primitiveness of that notion. But for a full and perfect answer one must visit such a school for warriors as this that Uncle Sam has planted in the fields of France.

Here one sees demonstrated the futility of going into modern battle without knowing what a modern battle is. Here one sees the myriad details of it—each detail of which means lives thrown away or lives saved.

Here one sees the intricacies of preparation that range all the way from washing mess tins to the most rigid application of higher mathematics. Here one sees officers toiling to make up for long years of military innocence. And here one sees the slight of sights—young Americans by the thousands tackling their task with the sureness of grim mood nature that answers questions about their work by saying: "You bet your life! That's what we're here for."

A "DUD" IS JUST A FIZZLE

Tommy Atkins Coins Us a New Bit of Handy Lingo

LONDON.—Now that "camouflage" has definitely rooted itself in the English language as a synonym for deception and bunk of any kind, American slangists should be ready to take "dud."

DUD, adj.; totally defective; zero in degree; of no account; worthless.—Dictionary of 1918.

Some ready-witted Tommy addressed himself one day to a huge German shell that had fallen near him but failed to explode. "You dear old dud," heamed the Tommy. Since then all harmless shells, bombs or cartridges have been known as "duds."

From explosives that do not explode, the word soon extended itself to fighters' vocabularies until it became the thing to describe idle parts of the front as "dud sectors," war weary Boches as "dud Fritzies," and battles that fail to develop into expected big actions as "dud shows."

The British front passed the word along to the American front, and now, by these tokens, "dud" is officially sent home as one of the first of the American souvenirs.

STORIES OF THE LORRAINE LINE

CUSSING TO A GOOD PURPOSE

Someone had just remarked that the American soldier sweats.

"But he sweats for a d— good cause," said the bayonet instructor. "You start your bayonet practice feeling kind of passive toward the Boches. By the time you've been jabbing and cussing for fifteen minutes you find you've cussed yourself into a hot rage against the dirty murderers."

The bayonet school is in a hollow. There are about thirty dummies dressed like Hunns swinging in the breeze in the posture which Sammy thinks would be most appropriate for the Kaiser and the Crown Prince—ropes around their necks and feet clear of the ground. In shell-holes on the ground there are more dummies with a tag stuck on each vital part. Beyond, where the floor of the hollow starts sloping upward, is a line of trench and still further, midway up the slope, is a row of sticks with jam cans perched on top of them.

Thirty rangy militiamen lined up in the snow at the start of the "track." The instructor signaled and they crouched.

"Go!" he shouted. "Get the —'s. Cut their — hearts out." With fierce yells the men sprang at the swinging rows of Hunns. "Bee-so-ow, you dirty —," screamed the quick little bantam on the end as he threw himself at the Hun. His bayonet did its dirty work and he slammed the Boche with his rifle-butt just to make the job a certainty. "Ee-yip, Yah-hee-hee, I am, am!" yelled the next man, and his face was a picture of rage. "You lousy —, a—!"

All down the line bayonets were flashing and thirty American boys cursed like madmen. They swept on to the shell-holes, still howling their profane warcry and skewering the prostrate Hunns. They dropped into the trench and commenced sniping the jam tins. Every tin dropped.

"Guns and discipline and give 'em —," said the instructor. "That's our motto."

BOUND HE'D EAT IN COMFORT

"Hey, Lieutenant, better not run on that road. Fritzies can see it plain as day and he's been dropping shells on it all morning."

The warning came from a mud-spattered doughboy, seated on the tumbled bricks of a destroyed farmhouse with his mess-tin full of beans held between his knees. Mud and khaki make a perfect camouflage. You wouldn't have noticed him if he hadn't yelled.

The staff lieutenant on the way back from brigade headquarters stopped his car. The shouted warning was supplemented by the unmistakable "racket" of traveling shells—that invisible express train sound. Two "H.E." shells slammed the surface of the road just ahead and tore holes in the crushed rock, hurling stones and chunks of steel in five directions.

The lieutenant and his driver got out. It was right on the edge of a crushed farm village. A seven-wagon netting camouflage was supposed to hide the road, but in eighteen months of stationary fighting thereabouts the Boche has obtained accurate registry of the town and road both, despite camouflage.

"Come back in town here, Lieutenant," called the soldier from his rockpile luncheon. "Most of them bit the road or go clear over into the Rue de Victory. It's safe here."

The Boche was starting up again. He tossed ten shells on the road and about thirty more into town.

With each shell the lieutenant, the driver and the infantryman ducked their heads and after each duck they looked up with sheepish grins at one another. One high-explosive missile went low over their heads and poked another hole in the Swiss cheese front wall of a destroyed dwelling across the street. It struck square in the middle of the "Chocolate Monier" sign.

"Bull's-eye," said Sammy, looking up from his hopeless search for a morsel of pork among the beans.

"Say," he demanded, turning to the driver, "what do you guys get to eat? Last night we had slum and I couldn't

find any potatoes in it. Today we get pork and beans—only it's theoretical pork."

The shelling became fairly hot. Several hundred shrapnel and high explosive shells broke over the town, in the ruins and in a row along the road. "Yanks" and "Polits" appeared in twos and three from unobservable nooks in the ruins and hurried to the dugouts down under the masonry.

In these towns you'll notice that all the emergency dugouts have their entrance facing toward interior France, away from the direction of enemy shells. They are placed in the lee of a standing wall whenever there's a wall standing.

"Wonder where that one went," said the driver after one loud burst. He ran through a hole in the wall to investigate a fresh shell-hole at close range.

The lieutenant was under fire for the first time. However he felt about it he maintained an outward calm—almost unconcern—for the benefit of the gallery of enlisted men.

A head poked out of the nearest dug-out.

"Hey, Fat," yelled the man in the dugout. "Come on in here. You'll get hurt if you stick out there."

"Well, a man's got to eat, hasn't he?" Fat called back. "That dugout stinks so a fellow can't enjoy his chow down there."

The lieutenant called his driver. They climbed back into the machine and began a two mile run parallel to the front, under enemy observation all the way.

"Well, I've done my part—I warned 'em," said Fat, spearing the ultimate bean.

COOKS TO DOLE THE SUGAR

CAMP FUNSTON, KAS.—Food conservation here and in other camps throughout the country has even gone to the bottom of the soldiers' coffee cup. No longer will he please his "sweet tooth" by digging into the sugar bowl and dipping out two, or perhaps three, spoonfuls of sugar to make his black java more palatable. Hereafter the cook will dole it out to him.

EDUCATES THE OFFICERS

Maneuvers, Says Southerner, Serve a Useful Purpose

How eager the soldiers of a certain American unit were to get into action is demonstrated in a story told by a commanding officer who was watching a maneuver just before the troops went to the front.

Six doughboys were resting on the side of a hill after spending a hard day climbing through mud to capture "Hindenburg," a "d" "Mackensen" trenches that existed only on maps prepared for that particular problem. They had done the same thing many times before.

"Well, boys," drawled one lanky Southerner, "we're all anxious to quit this playin' and go up. And I suppose we'll get up some day when we get through educating these officers!"

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The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Editorial: Guy T. Viskniskki, 2nd Lieut. Inf., N.A.; Charles P. Cushing, 2nd Lieut. U.S.M.C.R.; Hudson Hawley, Pvt., M.G.Bn.; A. A. Wallgren, Pvt., U.S.M.C.

Advertising: William K. Michael, 1st Lieut. Inf., U.S.R.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 4 francs for three months. To civilians, 5 francs for three months. All advertising contracts payable weekly.

Address all communications relating to advertising and all other business matters, except subscriptions, to THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, 10, Rue Sainte-Anne, Paris, France.

Address all communications relating to text, art, and subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, G.H.Q., A.E.F., France.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1918.

TEAM MATES

The United States is in this war for good and sufficient reasons of its own. Its aim is to lick Germany. To lick Germany quickly and thoroughly it must work in complete harmony with its Allies. Therefore, any man who, by word or thought or implication, seeks to destroy that harmony is doing his part in messing the job of the United States and therefore in prolonging the war.

England's purpose in this war is sincere and honorable. So is France's. So is Japan's. So is Italy's. So—God knows!—is Belgium's. So it is with all our other Allies.

We know all this, but there will be those who will come amongst us and hint in an underhanded way that such is not the case. They will tell us that we are fighting England's battle, France's battle, Siam's battle, Liberia's battle—any battle but our own. They will ask us, for example, why we, who fought two wars against England, are found on her side today. They will ask us why we are over here in Europe at all, butting in on a fight that doesn't concern us.

The answer to all such questioners and insinulators is this: We are over here to fight the battle of the United States, first, last and all the time. If, in fighting that battle, we help other nations to fight theirs, all right; for they in their turn will help us—as they have helped us in the past—to fight ours. We are here as members of a team, and it is only by team work with our Allies, the other members of that team, that we shall win out. Anybody who, by open word or insinuation, questions the integrity of our Allies thereby questions our own. If he is their enemy, he is ours, and should be dealt with as such.

Trying to promote dissension among the Allies is the main object of German propaganda today, as it has been for some time. Germany knows well the motto of one of our own States, "United we stand, divided we fall," and is therefore seeking to divide us. The only way to meet that propaganda is to nail, and nail hard and quick, the spreader of it. Whether he is sowing it of his own accord or repeating it second hand makes no difference, for he is thereby playing our enemy's game. And there is an ugly word of two syllables coined expressly to describe such a man.

OUR FIRST "C. O."

He knew no compromise with tyranny. He knew there could be no peace for his country based on such a compromise. He had pacifists to bother him in his day, did George Washington. He had to contend—as we have not—with traitors in high military place. He had to deal with those whose love of a foreign country was greater than that they owed to the land of their birth and upbringing. But he steered his course, he kept the faith in democracy that was his, and he saw his fight through, for seven long years and more—because he knew his cause was just and righteous.

He was a stern man, a cold man in his military dealings, a strict disciplinarian. Relaxed, he was one of the most human, one of the most simple and unassuming Christian gentlemen that has ever graced our country's roll of honor. He never spared himself when danger or fatigue was to be encountered. He was just, and humane. That is why men followed him over icy roads, with bleeding feet, with scanty rations and scantier ammunition—to victory!

He sought nothing for himself. Had he but nodded his head, he might have been military dictator—king—of the country he had saved and the nation he had helped to establish. But, his two terms of the presidency concluded, he returned to his beloved Mt. Vernon. And there, less than a year ago, the spiritual descendant of the Tory statesmen who had sought to subdue him came, with bared head, to pay tribute to his zeal for liberty, his devotion to its championing.

He is with us today, in spirit, is George Washington, for we are fighting the self-same fight that he fought, defending human liberty against military tyranny, helping to make the world sweeter and fairer to live in and work in. We are his army just as much as was that tattered band of Continentals, clad in motley uniforms, carrying motley weapons, which he transformed from a mob into an instrument of victory. The United States Army, like the United States Senate, is a body of con-

tinuous existence; and the army of which we are members is the same, in spirit and purpose and continuity, as that which Washington commanded. It has never gone to war save on behalf of human liberty, and it has never been defeated. It has therefore the proudest heritage—and cleanest record—of any army in the world.

From the Abode of all good and clean fighting-men who have departed from this world, we may be sure that, as we celebrate the anniversary of his birth this year, George Washington looks down and is well pleased. He sees the infant nation of his day transformed into a mighty force for the betterment of the world and the furtherance of the ideals to which he dedicated his great life. He sees that nation lined up in battle array side by side with his ancient ally, France, endeavoring to its utmost to repay France for the precious aid which La Fayette and the Comte de Rochambeau rendered him in his struggle.

But, even beyond that, he sees, in the same line of battle, the forces of the new England, the democratized England, the liberty-loving England which we may now hail with pride and affection as our Mother-Country. And because he knows that his struggle and that of his compatriots was one of the most vital factors in the upbuilding of that new and democratized and enlightened England—that in fighting America's fight he was also fighting the battle for English liberalism—he beholds with joy the reunion of the race. He glories in the realization that time and mutual understanding have healed the wounds of the old war. And he exults in every fibre of his fine old liberty-loving soul to see the two nations carrying on his work in concert. For George Washington, before he became commander-in-chief of the Continental army, was an officer of British colonial forces, and helped in clearing the pathway of civilization for the white men in the new land. Now he sees the two armies he served presenting a united front against the common enemy of civilization, the savage-at-large of today.

There is much to think of, much to be thankful for, upon this anniversary of the birth of the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"—as he was, is, and always will be!

THE URGE TO POESY

Not so very long ago an American poet who really ought to be better known (his name is Richard Hovey and he died in 1900) summed it up this way:

"Three secrets that never were said:
The stir of the moth in the spring,
The desire of a man for a maid,
The urge of the poet to sing."

With the first three we are not particularly concerned. The spring isn't here yet, for one thing, and the authorities differ as to when it will be. The second needs no explanation. The third—ah, that's the one that puzzles us! Why is it that a man who was a paying teller or a housepainter or a dog-catcher in civilian life becomes, the minute he dons khaki, a fervent would-be poet possessed of a highly irrepressible urge?

To be sure, an American soldier, if inclined to take serious thought, has about the most wonderful theme in the world to adorn with real poetic treatment—a nation, seeking no material advantage for itself, going to war that the world may be forever rid of tyranny and the consequent menace of future wars. But it's seldom he tackles so lofty a theme. Usually he contents himself with putting into verse the new and interesting thoughts that come to him from his contact with a country and a civilization which have hitherto been a closed book to him. In jotting down rhymes about his bunkmates, his officers, his chow, his drill—in short, all about this great life of soldiering. Usually, he is said, he does a pretty good job of it, for the poetry that gets close to the everyday realities of existence is far more apt to live and thrive than is the poetry which deals with abstract virtues and principles.

For our own part, we hope the American soldier will not hold in his poetic urge as closely as he holds in his chin at "Ten-Shun!" It's nothing to be ashamed of, that desire to "bust into song," everybody's felt it at some time or another, and has felt better for giving in to it. And, the chances are, if a man feels strongly about what he writes he will also want to have other people feel strongly, too; so he seeks to have his work printed.

Send 'em along then, you Amex versifiers! THE STARS AND STRIPES wants to see your warbles.

THAT LETTER BACK HOME

Too many chaplains, too many company commanders have had tearfully phrased letters sent to them by parents (and others) asking how and where their sons or friends are, and asking why they do not write home. Of course, it is commendable if a man is too busy, in preparation for the biggest task of his life, to write overmuch, but a man ought to be able to write something, at least once a week, to the good people back home who are backing him and the whole army of which he is a part with their hopes and prayers and taxes and voluntary contributions. Even if it is only the stereotyped "I am well," scrawled on the reverse of a Y. M. or K. of C. postcard, it is something. And that something makes all the difference in the world to the anxious watchers in the States.

A man has not discharged his whole duty to the nation by allowing the nation to feed, clothe and arm him and transport him to France. One of his most important duties, once he is landed here, is to keep the people nearest and dearest to him informed of his well-being, of his progress, of his will to win out and to help others to win out. Newspaper correspondents help greatly in keeping the people back home in-

formed, but they cannot cover every unit, they cannot relate the particulars of every individual case. Every man must be the correspondent—the press-agent, if need be—for his own family circle. No newspaper story, however complete, accurate or thrilling, will ever take the place of his own, personal account of the things he encounters. Those people at home have made many sacrifices in order to keep us on the line here. They should be rewarded by being kept as well informed as possible of the service their representatives are rendering the Cause.

HOW DO YOU SALUTE?

It is an old story, which most of us of the A. E. F. have heard from everybody over us from the "top" up or down, as our rank may be. It is this business of saluting—this very necessary business of saluting. There have been talks about it, and things written about it, but the best thing on the subject that has yet come to the attention of THE STARS AND STRIPES is this, by Lieut. Col. Andrew J. Dougherty, formerly of the Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., and now of the 357th Infantry, National Army:

"When an enlisted man, a lieutenant, a captain, a colonel, a general salutes his superior, he says by this act, 'I will obey you'; and the smartness with which the salute is made is an exact measure of the way we will obey. When an officer returns the salute of an inferior in rank, he says: 'I will strive to the limit to prepare myself to lead you to victory.' A soldier will fight as he salutes. This act, repeated scores of times daily, forms a habit which neither fear nor sickness, nor physical weakness can break."

"A soldier will fight as he salutes." How many of us ever thought of it in that way before? And how many of us, with that thought in mind, want to put ourselves down before the public as sloppy fighters?

The moral is plain.

"GAS ALERT!"

Guilty people are always superstitious. Look at the Germans—how they knock on Wood!

It is to be hoped that the Government, weather stations soon to be installed here will not be manned by any of those "prophets" of the 1916 Presidential election.

Artists back home who draw pictures of us (as we are supposed to look) are doing rather better these days. The last portrait of a "Sammy" (yes, they still call us that!) to come into THE STARS AND STRIPES office had every detail of the uniform right except the buttons, the pockets, the collar ornaments, the belt, the putts, and the hat. The trousers, at least, were correct. That is some improvement.

The more one sees and hears of the American troops over here, the more one is inclined to believe that the United States would surely be up against it if Ireland were to make a separate peace.

That A.E.F. cold storage plant somewhere in France is to our minds, the proper place to put the company bugler who always is late on blowing recall from drill and always early on blowing reveille.

"You will realize, as I think statesmen on both sides of the water realize, that the culminating crisis in the struggle has come, and that the achievements of this year on one side or the other must determine the issue."—President Wilson to the Farmers' Congress at Urbana, Ill.

The farmers will do their part, we feel sure. Meanwhile it is up to us, also, to make hay.

Now that second-lieutenants are wearing gold bars on their shoulders it is up to someone in authority to propose mahogany bars for sergeants. Yes, and ivory bars for certain corporals! And—yes, again!—reinforced concrete bars for some privates that we know! And—oh, yes—bars of soap for all of us!

The National Guard of Hawaii is the only portion of that once famous organization not now mobilized. We Americans are far too tender-hearted. Think of turning loose all those ukelele players on the Boche!

"How are the Americans off for officers?" Mr. Baker says they had 9,000 officers of all ranks in April of last year, but that they now have 110,000. That is truly an American masterpiece of accomplishment—to see capulettes on a hundred thousand men and call them "officers!"—Colonel Gaedke, in the *Bremser Zeitung*.

It is not perfectly conceivable, Herr Oberst, that America may have had 110,000 men fit to be officers in April, in addition to the 9,000 already commissioned? You may remember what Napoleon the Great had to say about Marshals' batons in knapsacks!

On the whole, the announcement that Mr. Henry Ford is about to build a fleet of anti-submarine craft has not occasioned very much surprise among A.E.F. chauffeurs. They have piloted some of the flivver craft under veritable submarine conditions on top of what once were roads.

Sieves are reported to be very scarce in the Scandinavian countries. To relieve the shortage, we might send the good people some of the roofing from the barracks which the engineers put up for us.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE GENERAL

He wears a cord of shining gold, a collar decked with stars.
To show he is the favorite son of Mister J. H. Mars.
We tumble out the guard for him, and snap up to salute;
Because he's been a Dad to us, we all swear he's a beauty!
He rolls around the country in a big, high-powered car
And chins with other Generals, who come from near and far;
Then back into his office, where he works till late at night
A-planning and a-planning how he's going to make his fight.
He never has to walk a post, or scrub the cockshack pans.
But he has won a harder job than any other man's;
He may not have to tote a pack and wallow through the muck,
But if his plane goes woosy, why we all are out of luck!
He doesn't work with bayonet, or gun or hand grenade,
But all the same, his life is not one grand, long dress parade;
He has to lie awake at night, and fuss with maps all day,
And that's the reason why his thatch is prematurely gray.
It takes all kinds of fighting men to give the Boche the pip.
From doughboys up to colonels; but the General has the grip
On all the whole darn shooting-match; and, since he knows his game,
We'll follow him through hell and back, and never mind the flame!

PEACE PRELIMINARIES —By Charles Dana Gibson



Reproduced by courtesy of "Life."

A DOUGHBOY'S LETTER TO KAISER WILHELM

To Wilhelm Hohenzollern, of Potsdam, Pless, Berlin, and other places:

The other day I came across a reported speech of yours in one of a bunch of papers from back home, in which you inquired—as if you really wanted to know—why we Americans were over here. In this speech you said you didn't see what business it was of ours to be over here at all, and you intimated that you didn't think that any of us knew why we were pitted against you and your kind.

But, although I suspect you know pretty well what brought us here, I am going to do what very few people nowadays care to do—take you at your word, and give you the information you say you want. A cat may look at a king, and I rather guess an American doughboy may write to an emperor.

So, here goes.

We are against you and your kind because—

You planned and plotted and worked for this war for a quarter of a century and more, knowing full well what misery it would bring, knowing full well how many lives it would sacrifice, but caring not a bit as long as it brought you and your kind the power you sought.

You had it within your power to arbitrate the Serbian-Austrian controversy at the outbreak of this war, and thus preserve the people of Europe; and you passed it up.

You held the insufferable Austrian reply to Serbia, which Serbia could not have complied with except by giving up her nationality, for fourteen hours, with power to change or modify it so that Serbia might accept, and war be averted; then you let it be released, and backed it up.

You invaded, with fire, sword, and iron heel, a country whose neutrality you were sworn to respect—Belgium.

In Belgium and Northern France you visited upon the natives such crimes as would make the tortures practiced by savage tribesmen seem tame by comparison.

By your orders fathers of families were lined up against walls and shot in the sight of their offspring.

Nursing mothers were hacked about the body, and their children impaled on bayonets.

Young girls were forced into a condition worse than slavery, worse than death—and then branded with the red cross of Prussian shame.

Young men and old were deported from their native land, to work for you as no better than slaves, at miserable wages, while fed on insufficient food.

Children in arms were left to perish without nourishment, and those of less tender age were left to shift for themselves, in a shell-wrecked, flame-ridden country.

Property of individuals was seized without compensation, and turned over to you and yours for use in continuing your warfare.

On the high seas you instituted the practice of sinking without warning the vessels of non-combatants, sending to a watery grave both little children and

their mothers—as in the case of the Lusitania.

You instructed the commanders of your submarines even to fire upon the crews and passengers of torpedoed ships while they were in open boats, in heavy seas.

On land, you revived the horrible practice of crucifixion, and applied it to prisoners of war.

You practiced other mutilation and disfigurement upon prisoners.

You incited your non-Christian allies, the Turks, to massacre thousands upon thousands of helpless Armenian and Syrian Christians.

You lent yourself to a deliberate campaign of murder, rape and pillage in Serbia, the better to handicap that invaded country in rehabilitating itself.

In diplomacy, you, through your foreign minister, openly urged Mexico and Japan, two countries with which our nation was at peace, to make war upon us.

You tried to poison our press, our Congress, our public men with your lies about our present Allies. You set up a corruption fund of \$50,000,000 for the subversion of the legislative department of our government.

You organized strikes, forerented plots, tried in every way to cripple peaceful industry in our own country. You attempted, on a large scale, to incite a

considerable proportion of our population to rise against the rest of us.

You ordered us to keep off the high seas under pain of being torpedoed—unless we followed your degrading and ridiculous instructions as to the manner of marking and sending our ships.

In short, you have, for the last three years and a half, spared neither men, women nor innocent children in your scheme of making war—you have preached "frightfulness" everywhere and everywhere you have practiced what you have preached.

You have blasphemously proclaimed God to be your ally, and have exhorted your troops to maim, burn, rape and kill "in the name of the good old German God." You have made God out to be a god of cruelty and oppression, even as the savages have—whereas, we know that our God is a God of love and of freedom.

You have poisoned wells indeed, in the occupied districts of Northern France; but, even worse than that, you have poisoned the wells of truth for the entire world.

That, in brief, is why we are over here—that is why we are against you. That is why we will, in concert with the other civilized nations of the world have at you until your power to work such woe is no more. And not until that has been done will we go home.

AN AMERICAN DOUGHBOY.

MENTIONED IN ORDERS

RATIONS FOR THE TRENCHES

An increase in the ration allowance of troops actually serving in the front line is authorized, up to the end of March, as follows: Coffee, 50 per cent; sugar, 33 1/3 per cent; meat, 25 per cent; candles, 100 per cent; matches, 50 per cent.

It is also stipulated that canned soups be substituted for the liquid component of the ration, when practicable, on a basis of two ounces of soup for one ounce of meat. These regulations hold good for the months from November to March, inclusive, in future.

SAVING OIL AND GASOLINE

Chauffeurs and others engaged in caring for the automobiles of the A.E.F. are warned that necessity exists for the strictest economy in the use of gasoline and oil. Accordingly, the strictest observance of the following rules is enjoined upon all persons responsible for the operation and maintenance of motor vehicles:

- Under no circumstances will gasoline be used to clean motors or vehicles.
- The use of motor transportation for other than military purposes is strictly forbidden.
- Carburetors will be kept adjusted so that the maximum efficiency is derived from the minimum expenditure for fuel.
- Motors of vehicles not running will not be allowed to run longer than one minute.
- Drastic disciplinary action will be taken in every case of violation of this order.

LIBERTY BOND PAYMENTS

An allotter may transfer Liberty Bonds before payment of full purchase price, but remains liable to the Government for the full purchase price, unless the Government accepts the assignee as debtor.

All persons who subscribed to the Second Liberty Loan under the allotment plan, and who are paid on individual pay accounts, are advised that the amount of the allotment to be charged on the pay accounts for the month ending July 31, 1918, should be \$4.75 for each \$50 bond, instead of \$6.75, as previously announced. All organization commanders are

directed to make the necessary notation on the retained form of allotments made by members of their organization for the purchase of Second Liberty Loan bonds, and on which the tenth allotment is given \$6.75, to show that such tenth allotment is \$4.75. In addition, all disbursing officers who make payment of accounts on which are entered charges for the allotment due for the purchase of Second Liberty Loan bonds will exercise care that the tenth allotment provides for a deduction of \$4.75 for each \$50 bond. It will not be necessary that a new allotment form be made out to cover this change.

COURT-MARTIAL FORFEITS

That portion of an enlisted man's pay required to be allotted to dependents is beyond the power of courts-martial to forfeit, because it has been otherwise disposed of by Congress. The remaining portion, being subject absolutely to disposition by the enlisted man, is subject also to forfeiture by sentence of courts-martial. Consequently the enlisted man's pay must be disposed of so as to satisfy:

- The compulsory allotment
 - Obligations to the Government, including fines and forfeitures.
 - Voluntary allotments.
- The only exception to the foregoing rules is that men absent from duty under the provisions of General Orders 45, War Department, 1914, forfeit all pay, including compulsory allotments, whether allotted or not, for such absences.

TO OWNERS OF HORSES

Although the War Department has been requested to stop the shipment of private mounts abroad, it is provided that all private mounts now in France may be retained by their owners as long as the circumstances of the service permit. It is further stipulated that, upon change of station, private mounts will be sent overland.

MORE FUEL ALLOWED

On account of the inclement weather, and the fact that the majority of the troops of the A.E.F. are quartered in temporary barracks which are difficult to heat, the allowance of fuel previously specified is increased 50 per cent for the months of February and March, 1918.

The Censor Hampers His Style, and the Bugle Routs Him Out Early—but Not Always Bright

RUSSIA BENCHED; NO MORE WEAK HITTERS

For those who hit home runs each day
That baseball scribbles might make a
story,
Have joined the greater sporting fray—
Pitch hitting now for glory.

BASEBALL HEARS A CLINK OF SILVER

War Gives Everybody but the Fans a Cause for Jubilation

BUSHERS LIKE NEW RULINGS

Tax on Tickets Allows Managers a Chance to Make Fans Foot all Bills

Back home the baseball war is raging. It is all about money. Sitting here in our Sanctum Adrian 3,000 miles away from the swat-festers' Brest Litovsk, some of the terms in our cable correspondent's communique puzzled us a bit. But one note is clear throughout—and that's the clink of silver. The players are grasping for their share and the managers are not behindhand. Meanwhile, the fans snik—for they must foot the bill.

The big leaguers have admitted a delegation of bushers to the high conference, and certain constitutional rights demanded by ball players—particularly among the minors—have been conceded after much hot parley. Major league players are to have ten days' notice when unconditionally released. When minor leaguers are given their walking papers, they are to have five days' notice. Major leaguers are to be paid all expenses from their homes to the training camps.

Bushers Sure of a Home

Players purchased from Class AA leagues may remain with minor clubs until the end of the season, thus preventing the down-trodden bushers from suffering financial loss while the championship season is open. All this, of course, is heralded by ball players as a long sought victory.

How to make the price of admission tickets cover the war tax without riots at the gates is another matter of great concern to the much-harassed high commissioners. On big days the fractional sum required by the tax bids fair to cause large difficulties in making change to purchasers. The plan to raise the price to a "round sum" suits the managers but isn't so popular with the fans.

Ebbets Sticks the Fans

Charlie Ebbets of Brooklyn, who never is slow in the matter of hitting the ante, comes out with the announcement that the best way, as he sees it, is to stick the ticket purchaser ten percent.

Along with all this discussion, the conferees of the National Commission are trying to find time to revise the rules again, and to settle the old debate about the spit ball.

PENN BANS BEAR STORIES

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 14.—The days of the training camp "bear" stories are ended, at least at the University of Pennsylvania, where Graduate Manager Pickering has established an athletic censorship bureau through which all correspondents must submit their stories before sending them to the press. The reason given for adopting the censorship of athletic press was that in the past the impressions given by the stories had not been accurate and had injured rather than aided the athletic organizations.

Most of the large universities in the United States have encountered this difficulty, and it is believed that others will follow the lead of the University of Pennsylvania and allow the manager or coach to see the sport stories before they are published.

TRACK PROSPECTS BRIGHT

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Latest developments in inter-collegiate athletics show that prospects for a good year in track, rowing and baseball are far brighter than a few weeks ago. It will be remembered that when America entered the war and the first training camps depleted the athletic organizations, only a few of the big universities stood fast and decided that so far as it was possible athletic schedules should be maintained. A little later when President Wilson's message to the college presidents urged that athletics be kept up, other colleges joined the few which from the beginning had voted for the continuation of athletics and, at this date, it appears that with the exception of Harvard, all of the larger universities and colleges have arranged inter-collegiate schedules.

PROMISE OF BOAT RACING

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Yale and Pennsylvania will meet on the water in the first inter-collegiate dual race on May 11. The event will take place on the new Housatonic River course, which is recognized as the ideal two-mile stretch of America. Princeton, Columbia, and the Navy are the other entries in the events for the coming season. Cornell has not yet announced if she will compete. The Navy program of races has been completed, and Yale will row against all colleges.

U. S. A.
Fighting Carol of Hdrge, Co., 320 Inf.,
N. A. (Tune of "Tammany")
U. S. A., U. S. A.
With bayonet and shot and shell,
We will give the Kaiser hell;
U. S. A., U. S. A.
Jab 'em, jab 'em,
Shoot and stab 'em;
U. S. A.
U. S. A., U. S. A.
With rifle bullets flying fast,
We'll nail the Kaiser to the mast;
U. S. A., U. S. A.
Stick 'em, stick 'em,
We can lick 'em;
U. S. A.
G. H. Q.

JOHN L.

So, John L., they've done you in! One more champion is past; One more standby of the ring Gathered to his peers at last! One more good, two-fisted man Pays the toll of waning years, One more sporting gentleman Quits this mortal vale of tears!

Well you fought, and honestly, Always hit above the belt Square and handsome—as shall be Aye the glory of the Celt! Had you younger been, we know You would surely have been here. Dealing out your valiant blows— For you know not breath of fear!

When you scrapped, you scrapped by rule, Scrapped for glory and for prize; Those we fight with know no law Save a madman monarch's cry— Hit in clinches, send them foul, Hit a man when down—in sooth, Naught they know of sportsmanship. Naught have they of reck nor truth!

Called you cruel, did they? Why? Thought your sport a brutal thing? All our victories, by the bye, Come by training in the ring: Sport it is for fighting men Sport to train them for the fray— Sport that you made what it is. Sport that mourns your loss today!

Rest you, fighting gentleman, From your life of battles fierce; May no discord from below Your well-earned repose ever pierce! May we, with our battles done, Meet you in Valhalla, when 'Fond we'll be to be acclaimed Kin to you—clean fighting men!

STAR SHELLS

By Sgt. Stuart Carroll, of G. M. C.

A PLEA.

A homely versifier, I, An honest journalistic guy, Hit born in old Mizzon; I'd like to dip my pen and write From milky morn till naughty night Such stuff as this for you.

But when ye autocrat ed With accent military, said: "I need some sporting chat." What could I do except salute, For 'im back and he's a lieutenant— A dexteious lieutenant.

So here we go, and you who read May see that we don't go to seed By making it your biz To send us all the sport you know— Then watch the wicked wrinkles go Forever from my phiz!

When Grover Cleveland Alexander claimed that the Cubs weren't offering him a sufficient salary, he probably had the notion that his earnings in one year should equal the sum paid by Uncle Sam, in years gone by, to another Grover Cleveland for serving eight.

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Most of the large universities in the United States have encountered this difficulty, and it is believed that others will follow the lead of the University of Pennsylvania and allow the manager or coach to see the sport stories before they are published.

Closing the pool halls for two days a week and every night at ten o'clock puts an awful crimp in home billiard circles. We can picture Benny Allen and Jawm Kling way out in Kansas City, closing the shutters on Twelfth Street, and the former Cub catcher complaining to his partner, "But Benny, it's only the shank of the evening."

Is it a circus you're wantin'? Jess Willard is closing out his aggregation of living miracles. We suggest that the Tank Service purchase the elephants for mascots.

UNCLE SAMMY IN THE BOX

Oh, just watch me when it's Springtime and the sun shines on the bleachers. When the Big Game starts, my laddie, See the grin of joyous rapture sneaking over my classic features. As I'm thinking how Our Boys will win the bacon and the beer, Tho' the Gotham play a savage game and lately they've been winning. From some pitchers not in training and who couldn't stand the knocks, You will hear 'em shouting "Kamerad!" about the second inning. When Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

Oh, I almost see the old horsehide as o'er the plate it's curving. To greet the chinless Kronprinz, who misses it a mile. And the Hun bench-warmer's wonder, "Ot der heit is dat he's serving?" But the pitcher slams 'em over with a tantalizing smile.

He can give them any brand of ball and any place they want 'em, Around their neck one minute and the next around their socks— You can bet your mess-kit, bunkie, that I'll be right there to taunt 'em When Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

When it's over in the Springtime, there will be some gay parading; Through the laughing streets of Paris Uncle Sam will lead his band, And I shouldn't be surprised if there's a bit of serenading. Ere we say "Adieu" to la belle France, the Tiger-lily land, Then we'll march aboard a transport for the jaunt across the ocean, And we'll tell 'em how to Kaiser Bill we swiftly set the blocks— Oh, I wish 'twere Spring to-morrow; there'll be done—I've a notion— When Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

With slender prospects in view for a good schedule during the coming season, the Montreal club of the International league is rapidly selling its high salaried players. The action on the part of the Montreal club seems to indicate that the Northern league may be disbanded.

ARMY FIELD SPORTS; WHO WILL TRY THEM?

Track Meets of Military Events Should Uncover Real Hun Killers

Spring, the season for field sports, is slipping upon us. Back in the States the schoolboys are beginning to lumber up for track meets. Why can't we of the A. E. F. plan some meets of our own—something in the line of military field sports? Every regiment certainly has the material for a team; or a regimental team might be organized by competition between company or troop, battalion or squadron teams.

Because of a variety of difficulties it is suggested that the old program of dashes, runs, jumps, vaulting, and weights be eliminated and that all of our track events be of a strictly military nature, events actually useful in

prove interesting and might lead to a satisfactory method of adjusting these articles to the American calf. Or, an "ante-reveille" dressing contest—from pajamas (?) and bed socks to blouse, overcoat, hat, boots, and putts, with blankets folded, too, would undoubtedly develop into a popular event, since every organization has its snappy dresser.

The pie-eating contest? Ah, qui, to be sure. But we suggest that gentlemen from certain parts of New England be heavily handicapped.

BILLY SUNDAY IN BATTLE

Has a Fist Fight and Describes It For the Papers

When a disturber with a gas mask sneaked over the top at a recent Billy Sunday meeting, intending to whip the evangelist, several things happened. Billy thus describes the ensuing fight in a wire to the New York Evening World: "It wasn't much of a battle. Those loyal, hot blooded Southerners took it out of my hands before I landed many times."

"I hadn't much more than gone into high on my sermon. Just happened to

TEX RICKARD NOW A LLAMA LLAMER

Famous Boss of Lammers Takes to Tall Grasses of Paraguay

Tex Rickard is out. Not knocked out by the over-fervid caresses of any of his former pugilist proteges, but just plain out of the fight-promoting game. Tex is going back to South America.

At first thought the possibilities of a fight promoter of Tex's undoubted ability being let loose in that vast area, which in its day has been shaken by so many revolutions, seem dire in the extreme. But not so. Tex isn't even going in for bull-fight booming. He is going to leave South American fight-promoting to Old Clip Castro, the stormy petrel of Venezuela, and other people who care for that sort of recreation. Tex, like Cincinnatus, is going to retire to his farm.

Said farm, or rather ranch, has been in Tex's possession for quite some time. Why he bought it when he did Tex confesses he doesn't really know, unless it was a sort of base to retire to in case he was forced from his front line position at the ropes. But he hasn't been forced from the ropes—not by a jugful! His voluntary retirement is the real thing, and therefore not at all in the same class with the "voluntary withdrawal" in Belgium last autumn.

The Llama's Nature

As time wore on, that ranch of his, which is down Paraguay way, got on Tex's mind. Then it got on his nerves. It became a sort of "Now that you got it, whacha gonna do with it?" proposition. Finally, Tex, being hardly what you might call a passive soul, hitched up his galuses, dug in his jeans for a steamer ticket and marine insurance, and he himself nudged and the result pasted on to his passport, and made tracks for the regions below the equator.

So, amid the waving pampas grasses instead of amid the waving fight fans, Tex will take up his new abode, and start his new occupation as a llama of llamas instead of an abettor of lammers. Llamas are fuzzy things that are a sort of a cross between a goat, a sheep, a camel, and Lord knows what, and while they are usually easy to herd they are not infrequently as temperamental as champs. Tex, it can readily be seen, will be right in his element if they get frisky and want bigger guarantees or anything.

We'll All Eat Llama

Llamas can be fleeced, just like some humans; also shorn. Likewise they are good to eat, after they have been killed and cooked. It's a safe side bet that all of Tex's friends—which means a fair majority of the great American people, will be eating llama meat as regularly as an army eats beans, once Tex gets things going down there and properly organized. And llama meat, to judge from Mr. Hoover's reports, will be mighty welcome as a change from the whale blubber and corn pone diet upon which our great nation is now said to be subsisting.

KICKHEFER DEFEATS DE ORO

The new three cushion billiard champion of the world is August Kickhefer. In a match this week in Chicago, he snatched away Alfredo de Oro's rubber-tipped scepter—51 to 20 tells the story.

A FIGHTER'S GAME

"Our soldiers in France are the best bomb throwers among the Allies. Why? Because of their baseball training. I think we should do everything to encourage a game which makes good soldiers of our young men."

This is the introduction given a bill in New York by Assemblyman Owen Kiernan. The bill provides for Sunday baseball, both amateur and professional, the contests to be played after 2:30 in the afternoon.

"I don't think a man who goes to a baseball game after 2:30 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon is any less of a Christian," says Kiernan, "and I believe that enthusiasts over the state will give the bill their strongest support."

Among the prominent men to appear before the legislative committee in favor of the Kiernan measure is John J. McGraw, of the Giants.

CABLE FLASHES

The Harvard varsity hockey team broke even with the Boston Wanderers in an ice-scrap, each seven scoring one goal early in the game.

Boston College beat Boston University on the rink, its puck-propellers slamming home three goals to the loser's one.

Lehigh University was floored in basketball by the Crescent quintet recently, the tallies being 11 for Lehigh and 22 for the quarter-moon contingent.

A national Class C billiard champion is Ferdinand Unger of Montclair, N. J., who won his title after defeating Augustus Gardner by a score of 150 to 125. There was another game still to be played in the series at last reports, but its outcome cannot change the result of the match.

Syracuse University's crew coach opposes the cancelling of the inter-collegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie, as advocated by Pennsylvania and Cornell. Yale will keep to rowing this year, and plans for three varsity crew races with Penn, Princeton and Harvard, although the events have not yet been officially sanctioned by the Yale Athletic Council. That all-powerful body insists that the races must be without the old-time glamour and expenditures—such as victrolas for the lady guests in the observation cars, and drinks for the gentlemen guests at the Griswold and "Moheke."

Ted Lewis, the welterweight champion, got the decision in a six round go over Johnny Tillman of Philadelphia, scoring a knockdown with a left hook in the final round, and thus making the pugilist from the Sleeping City feel perfectly at home. Jack Britton, the former champion, will meet Lewis again in Providence on February 25, to go twelve rounds to a decision. They have

fought five decision bouts already, of which Lewis has copied three.

THOSE FIELD'S SHOES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—Sir:

Why doesn't our joint Uncle, by name Samuel, give his boys over here a better field shoe? If he could perfect one, he would save the lads a great many frozen toes and chilblains, and spare them some of the daily miseries of cold feet—literal cold feet, I mean, for they don't know "cold feet" in the figurative sense!

Everybody who has to wear these field shoes, from chaplains down in the scale of piety, cusses them out. There is a lot of to cuss them out for. The only man I ever heard defend them was a lieutenant and he wasn't wearing them. He had on a pair of highly polished russet knee boots that must have set him back a good \$40.

Our army's shoes were made wrong wherever there was a chance to make a mistake. The worst error of all was in putting the smooth surface of the leather inside the shoes and exposing the spongy, porous surface to the weather. This surface just drinks in moisture. A man wakes up in the morning to find his shoes frozen stiff. He is instructed to oil them so they'll shed moisture. He oils them. Result—the water and oil in the pores make the leather so soggy that it takes days to dry.

The soles are too thin for a hob-nailed boot for cold weather wear. If the soles were twice as thick there would be a fairly thick layer of leather between the soles of a man's foot and the top of the nails. As the boots are made now, you can feel the nail heads just under the insoles and the nails are quick and direct conductors of the cold.

The leather laces are also N.G. Oil makes them rotten and they are always breaking.

I understand that some new field shoes have been bought, and that they have a polished outside that will shed water when they are oiled. So far, however, none of them have put in an appearance round this section of the country.

Yours for dry feet.

ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.

DON'T WASTE GOOD FOOD

Reports have reached G. H. Q. that waste has been observed coming from messes of organizations of the A. E. F. Mention is especially made of waste of bread.

As a result, orders have been issued that organization commanders are responsible that messes under their control are operated so as to avoid any waste.

"Waste of food materials," says the order, "is a very serious matter at a time when the people of the United States, as well as the Allied peoples, are reducing their food rations in order to economize food supply and tonnage."

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

OF ALL STATIONERS IN FRANCE

THE CENSOR SAYS YOU CAN MAIL The Stars and Stripes HOME

AFTER YOU HAVE FINISHED READING IT

This is just one of a hundred and one good reasons why you should subscribe at once for the official A. E. F. newspaper, published by and for the soldiers of the A. E. F.

Let The Stars and Stripes be a weekly letter from you to the folks back home. In one issue it will tell them more about your life "Somewhere" in France than you could write in a year of letters.

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AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

HOW AN ARMY CHAPLAIN ESCAPES FROM BOREDOM

Besides His Sermons and a Long Round of Calls He Looks After Mail, Statistics and the Officers' Mess

"What does a chaplain do, anyway?"

It's an irrelevant question, perhaps; and yet, after all, it's rather a natural one, if one considers the source. The average soldier doesn't see half as much of his regimental chaplain as he does of his colonel, and not one quarter as much as he sees of his battalion commander. When he does see him the chaplain is engaged in the performance of his priestly functions, on one day a week. And, like the army doctor, the army chaplain doesn't go around prying into the personal life of the soldier; sole inspections and soul inspections are two very different things.

So the question of what a chaplain does is a perfectly natural, perfectly honest one to put. The soldier who knows something of the routine of ministers' and priests' lives at home doesn't see any particular job for them over here on their off days. The civilian population is pretty well cared for by its own clergy; and the army is too busy or—well, too army—to turn out for Thursday night prayer meetings, to organize discussion groups, to form dance societies, to give fairs, sociables, and the like. Naturally, the man in the ranks wonders just what the chaplain, outside of composing his weekly straight-from-the-shoulder talk, finds to keep himself from boredom.

His Work At The Front

To be sure, the man who has been "up front," or who has been in hospital, knows the chaplain's work, and honors him for it. Up front, when one wants a chaplain, one wants him in a hurry. Often there are more who need him than he can take care of conveniently; and the same holds true for the hospital. There is no question in the mind of the man who has availed himself of a chaplain's services in either of those two situations as to whether or not the good man has enough to do. The man who has been brought around, inwardly healed and consoled by the chaplain in his hour of need, would be perfectly willing to see that gallant, uniformed gentleman have it soft and easy for the rest of his life, with a yearly pension equal to John D. Rockefeller's entire capital.

Back of the lines, though, in the training areas, it is different. The chaplain appears at church time once a week, to be sure; always adds a few words of cheery greeting to the salute he gives in return for the one tendered him; is usually on deck when the Y.M. or the K. of C. is staging anything out of the ordinary; is always interested if anyone seeks him out for conversation or advice, but is, well, rather undetached. He seems more like a salesman with a roving commission than a "regular home office man," as the colonel does, for example.

Many Personal Letters

But the chaplain is busy—far busier than the average man, who doesn't seek him out or doesn't run into him often, would ever suspect. Just try to follow him around on one of his normally busy days, and see how quickly you'll tucker out. Or as a STARS AND STRIPES reporter recently did, just wlay one of his species, and put that question to him: "What does a chaplain do?"

"Do?" repeated the good man, with a hearty laugh. "Oh, nothing! Every morning he has to make the rounds of about three hospitals about five miles apart, see that everything is up to snuff, and out if any of the men are in urgent need of—well, his professional services, if you want to call it that, and jolly the doctors. Then he has to go back to headquarters and see about the officers' mess. That's just one of the side jobs wished on him, you know."

"Next, along in the afternoon, he's got to be on hand at the distribution of mail, and see that as far as possible every man gets at least one letter out of it. Then there's more ordering to do for the officers' mess, the laying out of a menu for the next day, the answering of a lot of personal letters (for a chaplain gets more mail than anybody else; I'm coming to that), a talk with the fellow who is down on his luck and who has come to the chaplain as a sort of last resort, and, more often than not, a hurry call to some one of the hospitals, or to a distant cantonment. That's only one day around headquarters."

"Then, the way troops are scattered around in this country, a chaplain has to do a lot of trotting round in his Henry, visiting outlying detachments of the organization to which he is accredited. He is official burial officer, you know. The chaplain's voice halted a bit. "Then, too, he's the official statistical officer, and has to get off all those reports the first of every month—reports on personnel, on strength, and all the rest. About the only books he has time to read are his own prayer book or breviary, the Bible (in bits), and that interesting but puzzling little volume on 'Army Paper Work.'"

Troubles With The Mail

"About the mail? Oh, yes; it's quite a job over here, when, say, the Blank T. Company isn't anywhere near the Blank Regiment, and the Blank Motor Truck company isn't anywhere near the Blank Machine Gun Battalion. Of course, the postal people help out all they can, and—considering the job they're up against—they do pretty well; still, there's an awful ball-up every time a heavy mail comes in. But the people at home don't understand that; they're always writing me personally, asking me to look up Jimmy C— in the Blank Auxiliary Tire Parts Company, say; since I'm attached to the Blank Regiment, they think Jimmy must be right around the corner. Usually the message is, 'Please find out why Jimmy isn't writing to me any more; so it's up to me to go around and prod Jimmy—gently, to be sure, but still to prod him—up to a sense of his duty to the folks back home.'"

The chaplain chuckled. "I had a funny one the other night. A girl who was in my old flock wrote to me and said: 'Will you please find out why Tom isn't writing to me any more? Has he got a French girl he likes better than he does me, or is some other girl over here sending him sweaters and socks and things?' As Tom and I are, consequently, I couldn't tell her; but I finally looked up his address and had the letter forwarded to him by courier, with a note of my own on the bottom."

I said: 'It seems to be up to you to tell the young lady whether you still love her or not.' His name? Friend of yours? Oh, I'd never give it away!

Yes, they've got me saddled with about every job in the army—clerk, cleric, cook and cupid in khaki. At that, though, it isn't a great deal busier than it was at home. Marriages? No! The boys seem to be saving that up for the return trip, from what they tell me. I haven't had to officiate over here yet, and I don't expect to. "Baptism, though, has taken up quite a bit of our time. The other Sunday there were baptized twenty-six men out of one regiment, with the colonel as the sponsor for all of them, and proud to be so. It was a fine sight; you ought to have been there. To be sure—and he suppressed a grin—"we had to use a mess tin for a baptismal font, and, as it didn't hold enough water to care for the twenty-six, we had a reserve tank down below the motor truck upon which our temporary altar was placed. When we were about half through, and looked down for more water, we found some irreverent French dogs had gone to work and lapped it all up!"

"But it was a great success, just the same. One of the boys was christened Theodore Roosevelt, and another Frank Leslie. And there isn't anything will please their mothers more than to know that those boys, without any urging on anybody's part came forward in the sight of their comrades and were baptized in the Christian faith."

Working To Beat Hell

"Hard work? Oh, don't talk about hard work, son; it's all part of the game and I never felt better or happier in my life. For one thing, my congregation can't go out motoring or playing golf on Sunday mornings. And I don't have to worry about church expenses. Music—there's the regimental band, and if I want a quartet, I have to offend about a dozen quartets that I don't pick out. Church repairs? Why, the sky is my ceiling. No, the church finance idea doesn't enter into this field at all. In fact, I'd like to see anybody pass the bat at one of my services."

"Well, I must be on my way to see a lad down in one of the contagious wards at the hospital. They try to keep me from going in there, but I manage to go, just the same. Work? Yes, working all the time—as you boys put it, a chaplain is literally 'working to beat hell!'"

HOW YOU FEEL



When You Unsling Your Pack at the End Of A Twenty Mile Hike

BOMBS FAIL TO STOP SALES

Y. M. Hutts Close to Lines Keep Going In Spite of Boche

Sh-b-b-Boom! Sh-b-b-Boom! "Gimme some of them cigars in the green box." Boom! Boom! "How much for the chocolates?" Boom! Boom! In this fashion the first Y.M.C.A. hutts established near the American trenches in France were opened. Four Y.M.C.A. workers were on the job five days after the doughboys went into the line.

The hutts were located within a few minutes' walk of the first line trenches, the other is farther to the rear. Both are within easy range of German guns. The inaugural ceremonies consisted solely of two simultaneous rushes by steel helmeted soldiers and the banging of German machine guns.

It seemed as if the Boche artillery had planned a little reception for the Y.M.C.A. Anyway, as the doors were swung open, the German gunners began pouring in an assortment of big and little shells—little shells that whizzed like Fourth of July fireworks and exploded with dull thuds, and big shells that came rushing through the air with the noise of an express train and burst with great roars.

The whistling and the roars broke in upon the clamor of the boys from Minnesota, California, Illinois, from every State in the Union, shouting for their favorite brands of cigars or for chocolates. And the noise of bursting shells affected them about as much as the rattling of a passing street car affects a mob of women in a bargain counter rush.

Two days later it was an old story. "We were a little nervous at first," admitted one Y.M.C.A. worker, "but now we turn on the phonograph when they start shelling and forget it. But right here under the counter is my gas mask. And when they seem to be getting close in I grab my tin hat."

Keeping plenty of tobacco and chocolate in stock is one of the problems confronting the Y.M.C.A. men down in the zone of fire. It is next to impossible to bring up supplies in the day time. It is necessary to move everything up at night.

YAPHANK MAY CLAIM CREDIT

Loyal ex-Yaphankers will be proud to hear that the Long Island girl, Florence Flower, has won the women's pocket billiard championship of the United States, defeating Mary Johnson 60 to 85.

STANDING IN LINE

We stand in line at reveille. We stand in line for mess; Just why we always stand in line I don't know, I confess. We stand in line for clothing. We stand in line for church. We stand—you bet!—in line for pay So's not to be in the lurch.

We stand in line at drill time. We stand in line for guard. And, when the weather's nippy, It surely does go hard. We stand in line for muster. And also for reviews; We stand in line for everything From helmets down to shoes.

When we get back to Homeburg, It surely will seem queer. The old commands, "Fall in! Right Dress!"

And "Steady!" not to hear. But, though we grumble at "em—" "A waste of time," we say—"You bet your pair of extra boots We'll miss 'em—sure—some day!"

CAMERAS BANNED FOR MOST OF A. E. F.

Orders Permit No One but Authorized Photographers to Take Pictures

So much doubt has existed in the minds of so many A.E.F. men as to whether or not they were to be allowed to take pictures to be sent home in letters that orders on the subject have been issued, definitely settling forth with may and may not take photographs. In general, the nurport will be kept by taking photographs for military purposes may be permitted to use cameras in the zone of the American armies.

"Hereafter," says the order, "no photographs will be taken in the zone of the American armies except by the official photographers of the Corps of Engineers, of the Air Service, and Signal Corps, by accredited or visiting correspondents, or members of photographic sections of Allied armies duly authorized by these headquarters."

A Picture Story of War The order charges the Corps of Engineers with the duty of taking technical photographs connected with engineering construction, surveying and reproduction. The Air Service is charged with the photography pertaining to aerial reconnaissance, and the Signal Corps with the general photography of military operations and the obtaining of pictorial history of the present war.

It is further provided that photographs taken by the Signal Corps photographers, accredited and visiting newspaper correspondents, and members of photographic sections of Allied armies will be sent to the Signal Corps photographic base laboratory for development and for censorship under the direction of the Press Officer, Intelligence Section, General Staff. In case the films are developed at a Signal Corps field laboratory, they will be sent to the base laboratory for development and for censorship, negatives or prints will be released unless so ordered by the censor.

All Prints Censored All prints released by the censor will bear his stamp, and released negatives will be accompanied by suitable stamped identification slips, and a record of all released photographs will be kept by the Signal Corps laboratory. Negatives made by the photographers of that corps will be deposited in the base laboratory during the period of the war. Prints that are suitable for reproduction, and duplicate negatives, when practicable and desirable, of all pictures taken by Signal Corps photographers will be forwarded to the Chief, Military Intelligence Section, War College, Washington, D. C. The Signal Corps laboratory will furnish, through the war offices of the Allies, such photographs for purposes of publicity as may be directed by the Press Officer.

Negatives developed for accredited and visiting newspaper correspondents and authorized Allied army photographers will, when released by the censor, be delivered to the owners thereof, but the United States reserves the right to make copies of all such negatives for official and historical purposes. All negatives and prints not released by the censor will become the property of the United States and will be disposed of as may be directed by the Commander-in-Chief.

HEARD AT THE CENSOR'S "For the love of Mike, Lieutenant!" "A Lieutenant, perfectly harmless! Why, the President said that in Washington a month ago! Why can't I say it too?"

"Sure, Lieutenant, that's straight stuff! I got it from a corporal whose bunk mate knew a guy in the regiment that did it, and that guy told this corporal's bunk mate all about it! Of course it's official!"

"Why, Lieutenant, the Germans know that already. There's no use cutting that out. They know that when I went through with 'em in 1914."

"All right, Lieutenant, if you must, you must! But I will say you're slashing the daylight out of an imperishable story!"

"Aw—HELL!" "Say, Lieutenant, where's that car I ordered to take me up from here to the front today? It was supposed to get around at 8 o'clock, and I haven't seen him nor half of it. Oh, it's just 8 o'clock now, is it? I beg your pardon! All right!"

"Say, Jim, what day was it to go on this trip at all for? You're reporting for the Christian Science Monitor, aren't you? Well, what good will it do you to write up a hospital when they won't let you say anything about pain?"

"Lieutenant, I just got a cable from my home office, asking why I wasn't sending any news. Can't you get a general killed or something for me, so I can have something to send?"

"Lieutenant, I just want to be able to say in this story that—(business of whispering). Now, why would it? That wouldn't do you any harm, would it?"

"Well, Lieutenant, can't I put this some other way, so the Boche won't get wised up to it but so the people at home can get it? Remember, there's 90,000,000 readers with their tongues just a-hanging out of their mouths waiting to know that it was a red-headed guy that did it!"

"Aw, say, Lieutenant, that's one of the best sentences I ever turned out. The way you cut it out there, isn't any verb to it, and a sentence without a verb is as bad as a man without clothes."

"Aw—HELL!" And so on, and so on, ad infinitum.

"AMERICAN TOMMY" IS LONDON'S PET

Week-end House Parties Not Complete Without Yankee Guests

PALATIAL OFFICERS' CLUB

Run by Famous Pilgrims in Magnificent Place Loaned by Lord Leconfield

By GEO. T. BYE

London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS

LONDON, Feb. 14.—The entertainment of Americans in uniform in London has reached such proportions that there is almost basis for complaint that A.E.F. men and officers are being overladen with favors. When the American and British Governments joined together in comradesly embrace, a spontaneous movement seemed to animate the people of our "motherland" in smiles and compliment and dinner parties for everybody and anybody wearing the glorious double eagle.

So the today there are grins that won't come off, and down Piccadilly and the Strand—thoroughfares that are most popular to our boys—American grins and English grins; and the old timer tourist from Boston in London polishes his eye-glasses to make certain that he is seeing right. For "boarding-house" sociability of the kind you get in daily life in Emporia, Kansas, or Chicago, or Fort Worth was not common in Britain in pre-war days. Now there are none of the polite barriers to chumminess that formerly kept international pals at arm's length until introductory negotiations had been concluded.

"American Tommy" It would never surprise me to eavesdrop on a London policeman and an American Tommy—as the bobby calls our fellows; see the cop bang his fist on the back and hear him say, "I say, old son, how's every little thing?"

The bobby came to my mind for illustration because he was among the first to see the A.E.F. have seen them time and again, chewing the rag on street corners with one of Columbia's grandsons, passing the time of day or, as is usual, exhibiting their truncheon or night stick, which is the only weapon they carry.

Or you will hear the Yanks kidding a bobby when he has given them directions like "First turn to the right, then third turn to the left, then a sharp yank." "Sing it again," say the Yanks, and the good-humored London policeman probably tells them to go home themselves.

They're adopting our slang all in a bunch here. Also, practically every evening playing the English stage is saturated with Americanisms and compliments for Americans. American vaudeville performers are in such great demand in Britain that they command higher salaries here than at home.

But getting back to impromptu and organized hospitality, I know of many a case of English folk trying to get American soldiers in their homes to entertain them at dinner given a few days ago. After dinner he was practically taken away from me by the English folk living at the hotel, and I am sure if he accepts all the invitations that were given him, he will seriously disturb the food regulations of Lord Rhonda.

Begging for Yankee Guests

There is a society in London organized to make more apparent the kinship which binds the fellow-people of Britain, America, and Canada. It is called the Atlantic Union, and was in existence long before the war. I was recently appealed to by the secretary to aid them in introducing American soldiers and sailors to their weekly parties. They were looking for many Canadians in London on leave, but as the Americans had been moving, they haven't been able to get them to attend regularly.

However, I was able to make the invitation of the society known at a certain A.E.F. station, established somewhere in honny Britain, and whenever the officers and men detailed there are in London, and the time is convenient, I am sure they will accept this hospitality.

At this station and elsewhere where American congregations are notified posted on bulletin boards of the number of societies and clubs all over England which are anxious to entertain American officers and men. It is worth telling that the most exclusive of the clubs along Pall Mall and St. James's Street have upset all their historic rules and have opened their club houses to American officers to enjoy every right and privilege given to membership.

A Lord's Lordly Gift I have been rattling this off back-wards. I should have told first of all of the American Officers' Club, which is the home of many of the American officers stopping in London and the rendezvous of every casual.

The American Officers' Club is in one of the most palatial residences in London, in aristocratic Curzon Street. It is the home of Lord Leconfield, but he gave over the whole magnificent place, with furniture and works of art, to do what he considered his part toward making U.S.A. officers comfortable while in the British capital.

The club is maintained by the Pilgrims of London, a well-known English society, and the chairman of the Pilgrims' reception committee, Harry P. Brittain, spends most of his days and evenings with the American officers to make certain they shall want for nothing. Every Friday night there is a special dinner with talks by famous Englishmen and vaudeville. American officers may take civilian guests to these happy parties.

It is too much to expect me to describe all the items of British hospitality towards the A.E.F. in one short letter, and I refuse to list them. More next time.

NAMES ARE STRICTLY TABOO

The major's wife back in Baltimore didn't get the cablegram. So she didn't sell the dogs. And the major figures he loses at least \$100 plus the price of the cablegram.

Back in his civilian days the major, a famous surgeon, was a dog fancier. He specialized in Chow dogs—the black furry boys.

Among the aristocrats in his kennel were King Fang, King Joy Lo and Chin Chin.

When the dog show came along Mrs. Major was an exhibitor. By cable she

informed her husband of various offers for the dogs on exhibition.

He called her up and said, "Sell Wu Ting Fang two fifty, King Joy Lo three hundred, but hang on to Chin Chin for higher offer."

The message got as far as Paris where there was a hurried meeting of all the available spy-boards and code experts. They concluded that the major was instructing his broker in a stock transaction.

So the message was returned with the note, "Code messages are forbidden." There was no way in which he could get across the information without using the seeming code words.

So the major's wife didn't get the message.

And she didn't sell the dogs. A fraternity man figured in another cable mix-up.

On the evening when his chapter was scheduled to lodge some new members he cabled the Grand Exalted Whosooh: "Make the neophytes hump it for Del-tism."

The new brothers were members in good standing before the investigators would abandon their suspicious and let the fraternity man's message pass.

"WELL, I'LL BE—!"

THEN—AND NOW!

This is the way Private B. H. Umpty-umpty Umpties tells the story.

"Dee and I went to school together, at Exover. He was graduated, and went to Yeevard, and I—well, I wasn't graduated and have been bumbling around the world ever since. 'Spouse you'll say that's why I'm in the army now, eh? Well, go ahead and say it; I've been in it lots worse places!'"

"Well, one day not long ago I was waddling over one of these artists' clay roads through the fog, going back to my station from a town where I had been to see about the company's mail. I was plowing along with my head down, butting the fog, when—smack!—out of the fog looms up a lieutenant about six feet two in the air, just a foot away from me, coming in the opposite direction."

"I snap up to salute of course, quick, but, just as I get my hand up—'Binks!' hollers the Loot. 'How in the name of time did you get over here? I haven't seen you in an age! Shake!'"

"Dee! I holler back—then, correcting myself—'I beg the Lieutenant's pardon!'"

"Can it, Binks," says he, laughing all over. "What's your outfit?"

"I tell him. One thing leads to another. We got talking about Exover. Neither of us had cared very much about reunions, and we hadn't seen each other since leaving there."

"The last time I saw you—the Lieutenant—Dee, I mean (oh, hell!) say I saw you sitting before me a few days ago in Harmsworth Hall, up at Exover, trying out our conversational German on a Boche exchange professor imported direct from Berlin!"

"That's right," says he, 'stupid old beggar, wasn't he? If he's anywhere up front now, my battery has some guns that'll give him all the conversational United States he wants to hear. Drop around and look 'em over some one of these fine days, Binks. They're corkers! So long!"

"I salute. He salutes. Off we go. Funny, isn't it? Six years ago we were learning German together. Now we're out to get Germans together. It beats the devil the way this war turns the tables!"

WAR DIDN'T CHANGE THIS

Jones, Smith and Brown were New York clubmen before they enlisted, but they're good scouts for all that. They knew their Broadway as well as their social register, and had many acquaintances among the famous characters of that street of streets. One Saturday afternoon their outfit, for a wonder, didn't have a thing to do, so Jones, Smith and Brown strolled over to a neighboring city.

Being ex-New York clubmen, they lounged into a little cafe and sat down at a table. Up came the waiter, a young French soldier on leave. Jones, in his very best New Haven French, ordered the drinks—three mild and very light beers. "They don't grow Clover Clubs and Manhattanans under the foot, and if they did we couldn't get 'em."

In course of time the flock of beers blew in. "Not much like the beer we got at Rusty's," said Smith, sipping his casually.

"You know Bustee's?" piped up the waiter. "Ah, m'oi! J'etals a New York avant la guerre! Een feckt, I was a—what-you-call—omni-bus—waiter at M'sieur Bustee's for three years!"

"That so?" chorused Jones and Smith and Brown. "What's become of old Louis, who had the table over in the corner on the second floor? What's become of Henri? Didn't he leave about the same time Louis did? Funny we don't remember you—why, sure! Bon jour, Jacques! Well, well, well!"

The end of it all was that Jacques, despite much protest on his part, simply had to sit down and demolish a beer of his own with his former patrons. They wouldn't let him go until he did. And thus is the world made safer for democracy.

OLD-TIMERS IN CONFERENCE

The first brigadier general to command an American brigade in action in the war on the Hun knows how to enforce discipline among his men and still preserve their love for "the old man." Many years of service in Cuba, the Philippines, and along the Mexican border have taught him how.

Two days after his troops went into the trenches, the general was making a tour of the trenches. He encountered a swartzy-faced private, veteran of many a hard fight, squinting against the side of a trench cleaning his rifle, with his belt tossed carelessly over one of the telephone wires that carries such precious information back to headquarters when things are happening in the first line.

"Good morning," said the general, "seems to me I've seen your face before. Been in the service a long time?"

"Yes, sir," responded the veteran, "nineteen years, sir."

"Well, I've been in longer than you," the brigade commander remarked; "thirty-five years this month. And I was just thinking as I saw you sitting there that we old fellows have a lot of responsibilities in this war."

"Yes, sir, I suppose we have, sir," said the private with a puzzled expression. "Yes, sir, I suppose we have."

"We ought to set a good example to all these younger men," continued the general. "For instance, what if a lot of these new boys saw you sitting here cleaning your rifle with your belt thrown across that telephone wire. They'd say, 'Well, if old Bill Kelly does that, it must be right, because he's been soldiering

for nineteen years.' Then what do you think would happen to that wire if all the rest of them hung their belts on it? What are we old fellows going to do about a thing like that?"

Bill Kelly dashed a crimson that came right through the tan that had been accumulating for many years. Then he jerked the belt off the wire.

"I'll tell you, general," he grinned, "we old fellows will have to see that it never happens again."

WOMEN—TWO VARIETIES

Pvt. Hager Seeks Another Sort Than Ministering Angels

Private Hager of C Battery can understand some women and some he can't understand.

Take the little girl who waits on the canteen—American from the top of her golden head to the soles of her little hob-nailed field boots. Husband an officer, no children, and wants to be doing something for the soldiers. So she came out to this little mud-wallow of a town to put in nine hours a day standing on slippery duck-boards behind the counter.

"I can understand a girl like her," said Private Hager. "Between us, this is the third time I've come up to the counter this evening. Last time I bought chewing-gum—me who's been in the field of artillery seven years. Now I'm going to have a cup of chocolate if it chokes me."

"It's so doggone fine to see her smile and hear her voice say 'Thank you'—as though I'd done something for her instead of she for me—that, I'll keep on remembering things I want to buy until the canteen closes."

"This isn't a stunt where she does two hours work every third Wednesday just for the fun of it. She's on the job every day and she lives right here in this village. The Colonel and the Town Major went around to the mayor and got him down for the best room in the best house in town—but it isn't much of a house."

Private Hager got a letter last night from the kind of a woman he can't understand.

It was postmarked "New York," and was addressed to "An Orphan Soldier." Having had no parents for several years, Private Hager ranked as senior orphan of his battalion and so drew the letter.

"It's from a society girl," he said. "She says: 'I'm going to take a Red Cross course and come over to France and nurse the soldiers on the battlefields. Who knows,' she says, 'but what maybe some day I shall bandage your head with the dead and dying screaming all around us and the shells crashing everywhere and maybe save your life? Who knows, dear lonely Orphan.'"

Hager said any girl having that conception of what war is like after three years of it must be lonely upstairs.

He wrote her a polite reply, the kind of girl he can't understand, saying: "Please don't trouble about that Red Cross course. In the first place I'd rather be tended by a man on the battlefield, if I get wounded, which, in the second place I won't be. And in the third place I'd rather ride with you on top of a Fifth Avenue bus and hold your hand than have you holding my hand with the dead and dying screaming all around us."

THE FREE BALLADE OF THE NAKED KNEE

A Tribute to a Hardy Race Dedicated to Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig

I've marvelled oft at airmen's feats, I've wondered at the engineers, I've seen men thrive on measly eats, I've seen men conquer all their fears; But, when the pibroch sounds see shrill And Highland plaidies sweep the breeze, I get the highest sense of thrill At seeing Scots with naked knees!

How do they stand it, rain or shine, Winter or summer? I don't know; With army togas